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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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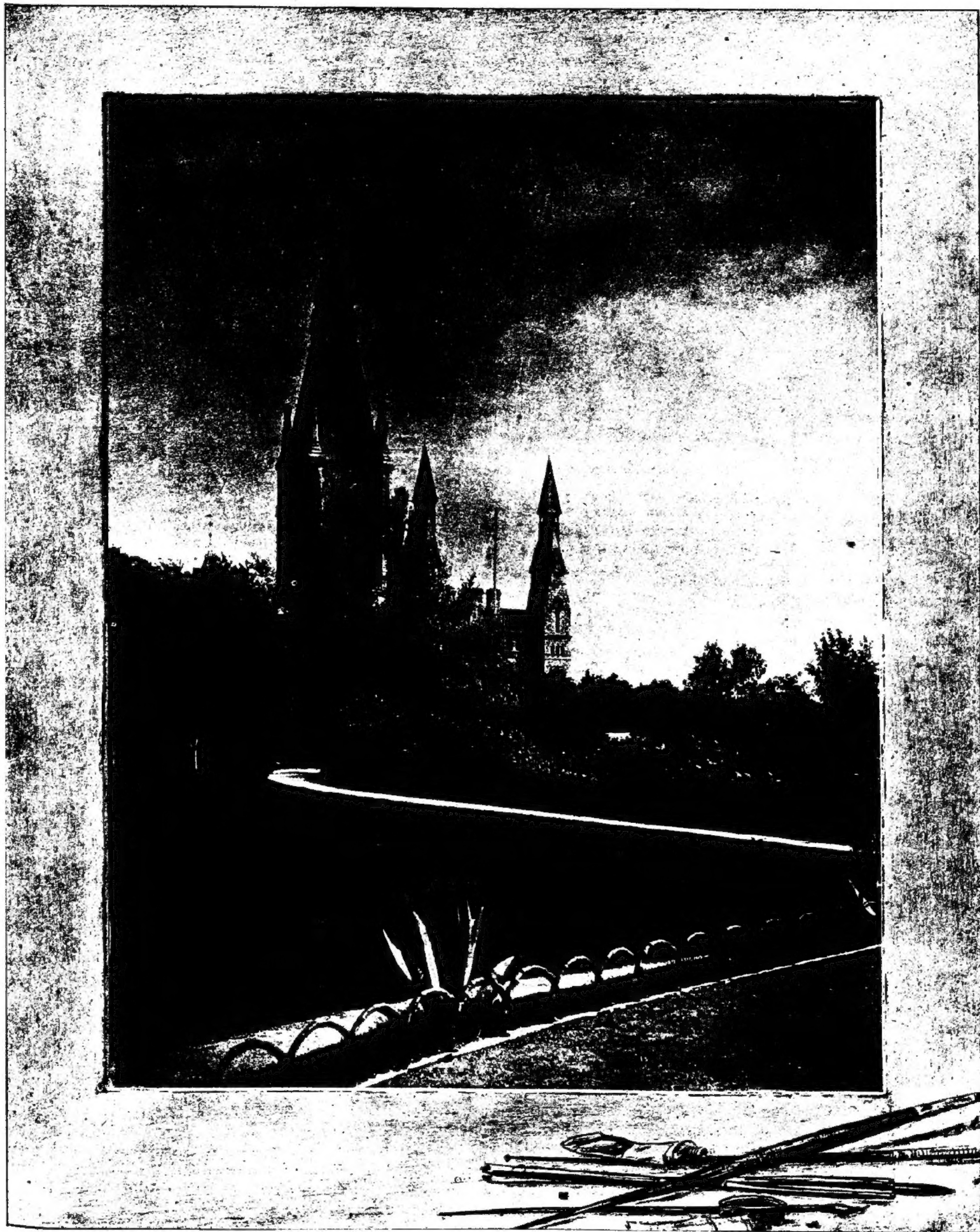
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1888, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

REGISTERED.

Vol. VII.—No. 179.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 5th DECEMBER, 1891.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d. BY
10 CENTS PER COPY " " 6d. 6d.



REAR VIEW OF WEST BLOCK FROM THE SUMMER HOUSE.
A CORNER OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.
(G. R. Lancefield, photo.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR

The Gazette Building, Montreal.

WESTERN OFFICE:

4 King-street, East, Toronto, Ont.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

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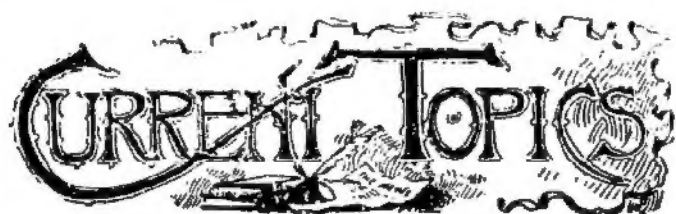
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5th DECEMBER, 1891.



A Reminiscence of '37.

The recent Political Union meeting at Woodstock turned out very like one of WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE'S gatherings, held in September, 1837, on his own personal requisition for "expressing sympathy with MR. SPEAKER PAPINEAU—condemning the conduct of SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD" and other statements equally silly. The meeting was intended for the benefit of the inhabitants of the township of Trafalgar, County of Halton, but turned out a remarkable surprise for the agitator, who had expected to carry everything his own way; on the very first question,—the appointment of a chairman,—MACKENZIE found himself in a hopeless minority, and, with his usual characteristics, promptly withdrew, followed by his adherents; they formed themselves into a grievance society, and agreed to all the doleful propositions the unhealthy state of their minds could suggest. The original meeting promptly proceeded to pass a series of resolutions, strongly condemning MACKENZIE, PAPINEAU *et al*, and reiterating their own adherence to constitutional government. Two of these resolutions are refreshing reading now-a-days. One was:

"That we not only acknowledge with gratitude the benefits derived from the enjoyment of the British Constitution, but feel it to be our imperative duty faithfully and lawfully to support and protect the same."

The other reads:

"That in the present circumstances of undue agitation and excitement, produced in this peaceable Province by disappointed individuals, place-seekers, it becomes us as loyal subjects humbly to assure Her Majesty's Government that it may rely on our fidelity to the Crown and affectionate attachment to the connection subsisting between this Province and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

We fancy that there is scarcely a town in Canada where—if the residents were good enough to allow such a disturbing faction to hold a meeting at all—the experience of MR. SOLOMON WHITE and his followers would not be equally disheartening to their zealous souls.

Our Anniversaries.

A marked feature of the year now closing has been the amount of interest shown in matters of commemoration of notable occurrences in our history. The most appropriate methods of celebrating such events as the founding of Montreal, the settlement of the Eastern Townships, the official establishment of Upper Canada as a separate province, and its first session of Parliament, have been carefully considered by committees from the localities interested; and it is quite in order to expect that their labours will result in such attractive and becoming displays, as to materially influence Canadian patriotism and promote interest in Canadian history. Such celebrations when under the management of those who are personally vividly interested in the subject, cannot fail to have an extremely good effect on the general public. Men who think little or nothing of these things have the event brought prominently before them in the daily newspapers, in current conversation, and in the display which makes the anniversary a day of special note. Both old and young cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that Canada has a history of which at least some men think worthy of honour.

A Southern Precedent.

To the Americans much praise is due for the good example they have set us in this matter. From the year 1875 down to a few years ago, they have omitted no opportunity of impressing on their people by spectacular display, the details of many of the most prominent events which had occurred a hundred years before in the great national crisis of the Revolution. The vivid display of the commemorative ceremonies—the massing of troops—music from the best military bands—the gathering of prominent men from all parts of the Republic—the speeches and banquets which followed—all joined in stamping indelibly on almost every citizen the fact that national life was a real thing, and that the history of his country meant something and its events deserved recognition. The same observance in Canada will be followed with a like result. A long time will elapse before we can celebrate our centenaries of Detroit, of Queenston Heights, of Lundy's Lane, Niagara and Chateauguay; but the no less honourable and more civilizing events of 1642 and 1792 can be and should be as brilliantly commemorated as will be the anniversaries of Canada's great war twenty years from now.

What is Sedition?

Thanks to one of our petty Provincial Governments, things have become rather mixed. In the West a new Solomon has arisen, who by the good nature or *laissez faire* disposition of the people, has been permitted to openly preach sedition and wave a foreign flag in the face of the good yeomen of Western Ontario, without his being tied neck and crop and dumped into the nearest horse-pond. In the East, we see the most prominent and respectable journalists of the district arrested for honest criticism of the doings of a very shady lot of politicians, who, by pandering to the race and religious prejudices of an excitable people, have been elected to represent 'the Government' of the Province. When it is remembered that the doings of this same "Government" were publicly exposed before a committee of the Senate of Canada and again before a Royal Commission of Judges, it seems an anomaly that the leader of such a ministry should have the power of invoking the

Queen's name for the arrest of men who were proving his utter unfitness to serve her in any capacity whatsoever, much less as a First Minister. By most persons, not lawyers, sedition is thought to be an offence against the Sovereign, not against the gentry who are so often cliqued into power in a provincial campaign.

Literary and Personal Notes.

Mr. Andrew Lang has had the temerity to bring out another book in spite of the wordy onslaught made on him by a would-be-great critic, Mr. Harte of the *New England Magazine*. The work is a pleasing little volume entitled "Angling Sketches."

We learn that Mr. Hunter Duvar, the well known *littérateur* of Prince Edward Island, is preparing, at the suggestion of Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., of London, "A popular treatise on Early Archaeology, Stone, Bronze, Iron, etc.," with illustrations drawn by the author.

Mr. W. C. Bowles, Clerk of Votes and Proceedings in the House of Commons, has just completed a general index to the journals of the House and to the sessional papers for the past thirteen years. The work has been one of great magnitude, and has involved much labour. Now that it is finished it will be invaluable to all who have to do with Parliament, whether statesman or journalist.

Miss Mamie Dickens, who was always known as the favourite daughter of Charles Dickens, has written, for the Christmas number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, her first story. It is a semi-ghost tale of the romance of an old English manor. Miss Dicken's only piece of literary work previous to this story was the editing of her father's letters for publication. She is said to possess true literary talent.

Mr. C. W. Whitney, whose weekly page of sporting notes is a most attractive feature of *Harper's Weekly*, was burnt in effigy by the students of Cornell University last week, their tender sensibilities having been hurt by some honest criticism Mr. Whitney recently expressed of their football team. Students as a rule are not particularly thin-skinned, but the Cornell atmosphere must have a marked tendency to reduce the epidermis of those who inhale it.

I spent a long evening in Leigh Hunt's library at Kensington. The goodly-sized cup of tea with which I was regaled soon disappeared; but Hunt showed a Johnsonian thirst. He indulged in what Hazlitt calls "libations of tea." Every half-hour or so his servant-maid entered with a fresh cup, which she exchanged for his empty one, and this continued from about six o'clock until after ten, when I left. The cup that innocently cheers was thus scarcely ever absent from his hand, and in this way he sat and conversed, or rather rambled on in a rich and sparkling monologue, to which it was a rare treat for me to listen.—*Looking Backward*, by James Hedderwick.

The retirement of Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley from the Marine Department to enter upon a private business career is an event of some interest to literary people in general, as well as to his friends. J. Macdonald Oxley, B.A., LL.B., is, as a recent description well says, one of the brightest young writers now before the public, one who has accomplished a high share in giving Canadian literature a standing, one of the most voluminous and successful authors in the Dominion, and one who is par excellence a writer for the youth of the country. He was born at Halifax, where he was given an education that seems to have eminently fitted him to take a prominent position among our native writers. He graduated in 1874 from Dalhousie University, and in 1878 from the University of Halifax, when he was admitted to the Bar. He contributed to the Halifax press, and soon became one of the leading members of the staff of the *Morning Herald*. In 1883 he was appointed to a position in the Marine Department, Ottawa, which he has just resigned. Since his appointment Mr. Oxley has certainly employed his leisure hours to good advantage, for he has shown himself to be a most industrious writer, and perhaps there is no one in Canada who contributes to more periodicals, besides bringing out an occasional book.—*Ottawa Journal*.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

THE LATE WILLIAM NOTMAN, ESQ.

The announcement of the death of Mr. William Notman, founder and senior member of the firm of William Notman & Son, which occurred at his residence, Sherbrooke street, Montreal, on Nov. 25th, was received with regret that reached far beyond the bounds of the city in which he had lived so long, and in which he had won an honoured name. A native of Paisley, Scotland, where he was born on March 8th, 1826, he came to Canada in 1856. For a time he was engaged with Messrs. Ogilvy, Lewis & Co., in the dry goods business; but his love for the art of photography, in which he had previously engaged as an amateur, led him to adopt it as his profession. It is hardly necessary to allude to the wonderful success he achieved. Notman's photos have long been famous, and Notman's studio in Montreal has been a place of interest to visitors from all parts of the continent and from Europe. Engravings reproduced from photographs of scenery by Notman have made Canada better known to the world, for the firm have sent their representatives to every section, east and west. Very many of the finest views of Canadian scenery, notably those of the great western and Pacific region, that have appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, were reproduced from Notman's photos. Hosts of visitors to Montreal have carried away photos selected from the firm's fine photographic gallery. In addition to the parent house on Bleury street, the firm have a branch in the Windsor Hotel, this city, two branches in Boston, one in New York and one in Halifax. Such a record of success is one which all Canada may regard with pride. The late Mr. Notman was an ardent devotee of his art, and paid the closest attention to every detail of the business. He was active up to the very last, and insisted on visiting the studio even after the cold which proved fatal had fastened itself upon him. As a citizen of Montreal, Mr. Notman, by his public spirit and zeal for the city's welfare, won universal regard. He was a member of the first Windsor Hotel syndicate, and was active in securing for the city an art gallery. He leaves three sons and two daughters, one of the latter being Mrs. H. M. Belcher. His sons George and Charles were absent when he died, the former in New York and the latter in Halifax. Both had been telegraphed for when their father's condition seemed hopeless, but neither arrived in time to see him alive. The deceased gentleman was a member of St. Martin's church of this city. A courteous, kindly, generous man, great in his profession and conscientious in the performance of all life's varied duties, he will be held in loving memory by a wide circle, whose warmest sympathies now go out to the bereaved family.

YALE, B.C.

The remarkably picturesque situation of the town of Yale, B.C., lying at the foot of lofty peaks, is well shown in our engraving. Yale is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, 102 miles from Vancouver. It is also on the bank of the Fraser river, on which steamers ply regularly between Yale and New Westminster, 97 miles distant. It is the head of steamboat navigation of the Lower Fraser, and is the terminus of the great Cariboo road, famous in the annals of British Columbia gold and silver mines.

PULPIT OVER 100 YEARS OLD.

This pulpit was originally built in a log hut at Stamford, in the year 1788. In 1815 it was taken by Capt. McMicking—who was under General Brock—and placed in a small Presbyterian church, built by Capt. McMicking, for the use of the garrison stationed at Niagara. In 1826 it was again removed by Capt. McMicking to a much larger church, and Governor Maitland contributed largely to the building. Governor-General Maitland built his castle in the park, now known as "the Governor Park." The ruins are still to be seen, and visitors carry away portions of brick and stone as souvenirs of the old castle. In 1871 Wm. Henry, Esq., purchased the old pulpit, and placed it in the park to be used by any person to preach in. It is now so decayed—being over 100 years old—that a pin can be pushed through any portion. In 1890 one of the relatives of Governor Maitland called on Mr. Henry to view the old castle, and rested in the pulpit to write home as requested before leaving England. The park is about 3½ miles north-west of the Suspension Bridge and is beautifully situated. The 25 acres adjoining the

park Mr. Henry has planted in grapes, which yielded an abundance of the juicy fruit last summer.

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

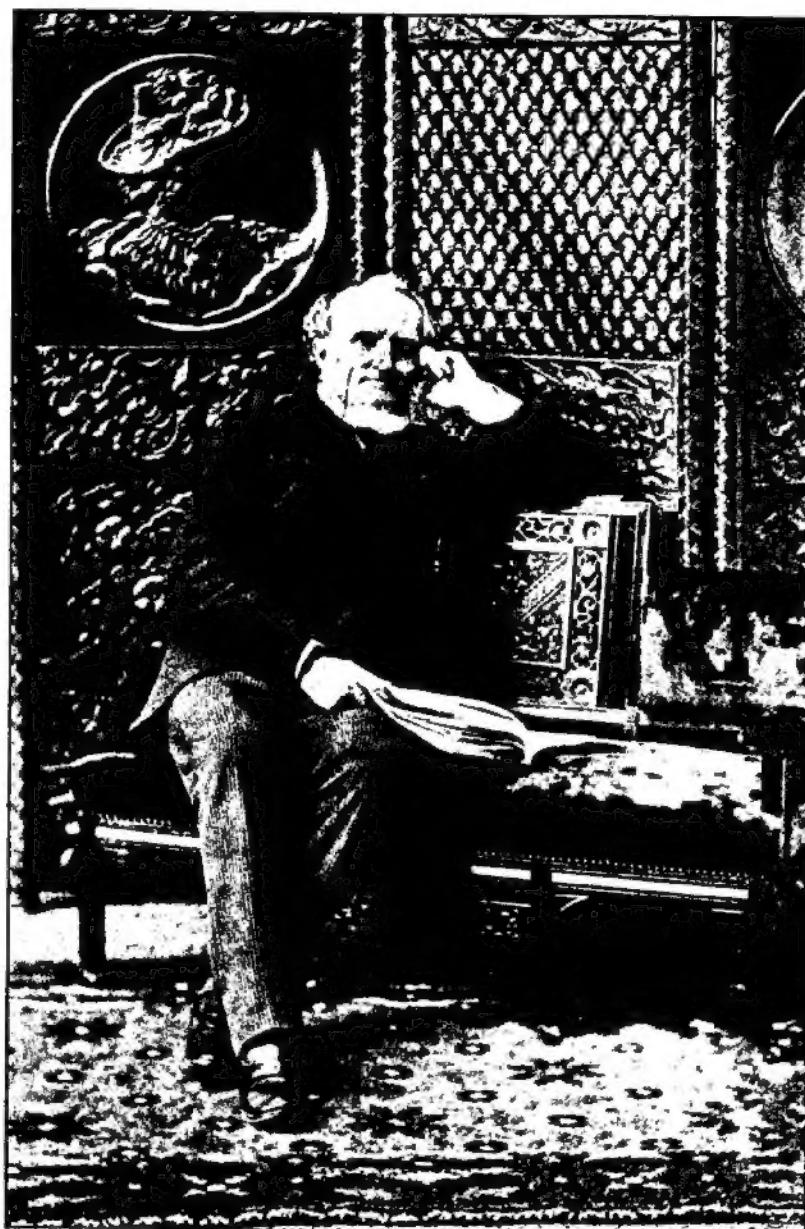
Canada remembers none of her Governors-General with more kindly feelings than are stirred by the name of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who has lately been appointed by the British Government to the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports. No British statesman of his time has had a more distinguished and brilliant career in the diplomatic service than he. As Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, as Special Commissioner to Egypt, as Viceroy of Canada and of India, he displayed an ability that amounted to genius for coping with difficulties and divining the wiser course to be pursued when the times were critical. He has enjoyed almost every high and important office under the Crown, save a high Cabinet position. His last appointment was that of Ambassador to Rome. Aside from politics, the Marquis has made his mark as a man of letters, his books of travel especially being of the class that enjoy more than a passing popularity. A lineal descendant of Sheridan, His Lordship has the gift of oratory. He has, too, the rarer one of drawing men of all classes to him in the bonds of a warm personal regard. He has taken a keen interest in some branches of science, and can fairly claim the title of scholar as well as of statesman. His has been a singularly fortunate and successful career, when the varied character of the service in which he has engaged is taken into consideration. Neither the interests of the Empire nor his own reputation has suffered at his hands through a long and varied career spent in the eye of the public. In Lady Dufferin he has had a most charming and accomplished wife, whose popularity equals his own, and whose literary work has received warm praise from a wide circle of readers in the English speaking world.

SCENE AT BOMBAY.

The Bombay scene, which appears on page 536, will be of interest in connection with the sketch, "Col. Hollbrook," which immediately follows it.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY MUSEUM.

This building is situated at the corner of University and Cathcart streets, Montreal, and serves as the official home



THE LATE WM. NOTMAN, ESQ.

of the Society, containing its library and collections of specimens. The Society has now attained a good old age (having been founded in 1827) but shows no signs of decrepitude; on the contrary its growth of recent years has been very substantial, and it is in probably every respect the most flourishing institution of the kind in Canada.

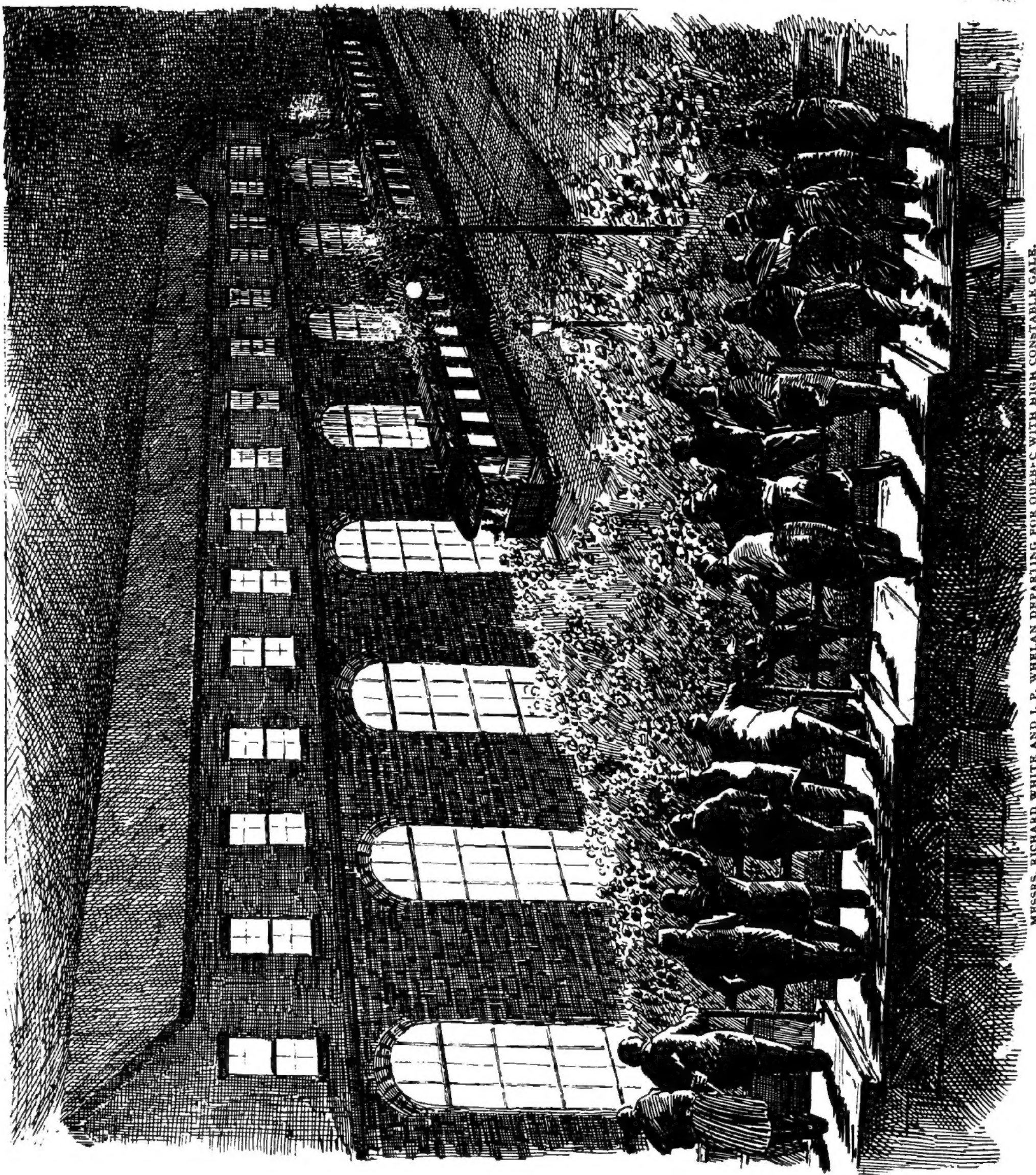
Soul-Music.

"All things have music in them; I have found
In every clod sweet numbers." He was skilled
In knowledge of all sounds who spake, and filled
With love of harmony; and glancing round
With eager eye, he gathered from the ground
Some sherds of broken glass, which as he willed
Answered, when struck, with melody that filled
My listening ear with trembling waves of sound.

So hast thou swept the dull chords of my soul,
O Love, which at thy touch have sprung to life
And tremble in rich melody along
And music swells in one harmonious whole,
Where silence else had been, or jarring strife,
Till all my life becomes one glad, sweet song!

D'AREMAC

An interesting series of papers, "Stories of Salem Witchcraft," by Winfield S. Nevins, is begun in the December *New England Magazine*. The first article gives an account of the witchcraft cases in New England previous to 1692; the outbreak in Salem Village; the court and places of trial; a full history of the trials of accused persons, and copious quotations from the remarkable testimony in the court files are given, and the article is embellished with many portraits and drawings now published for the first time, and made specially for this series. The article is particularly interesting at this time, as the one hundredth anniversary of this remarkable delusion is approaching.



MESSRS. RICHARD WHITE AND J. P. WHELAN DEPARTING FOR QUEBEC WITH HIGH CONSTABLE GALE.

PREMIER MERCIER AND THE PRESS.

PREMIER MERCIER AND THE PRESS.

The little difference between Premier Mercier, of Quebec province, and certain of the newspapers bids fair to pass into history as one of the notable events of the year in provincial politics. The Count has a partiality for the spectacular and imposing, and the arrest of newspaper men, either on the charge of criminal or seditious libel, is certainly spectacular. Whether or not it is imposing depends on the point of view and the meaning one attaches to the latter word. The first person to be arrested under the new policy was Mr. Richard White, of the Montreal *Gazette*, against whom it was charged that:—

"On the 12th day of November, at the city of Quebec, within the district of Quebec, he unlawfully and maliciously, in a certain newspaper called the *Gazette*, printed at the city of Montreal, and whereof he, the said Richard White, is the registered printer and publisher, published a certain false, malicious and defamatory libel of and concerning the Hon. Honore Mercier, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of Our Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity."

The alleged libel consisted in the re-publication in the *Gazette* of an interview between a Toronto *Empire* correspondent and Mr. J. P. Whelan, contractor, of Montreal, in which Mr. Whelan had intimated that he had had to pay to Hon. Mr. Mercier, his colleagues and political friends, the sum of \$115,000, before receiving settlement of a claim against the provincial government for the construction of the Quebec court house. In addition to the publication of the interview the *Gazette* affirmed that such a grave charge should be investigated. The arrest of Mr. Richard White followed, and Mr. Whelan was arrested on the same day on a similar charge. Both defendants live in Montreal, and the *Gazette* is printed in Montreal, but Hon. Mr. Mercier ordered them to Quebec for trial, and to Quebec they were duly escorted by High Constable Gale. A large crowd was at the Dalhousie square station on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 25th, to see them off for the ancient

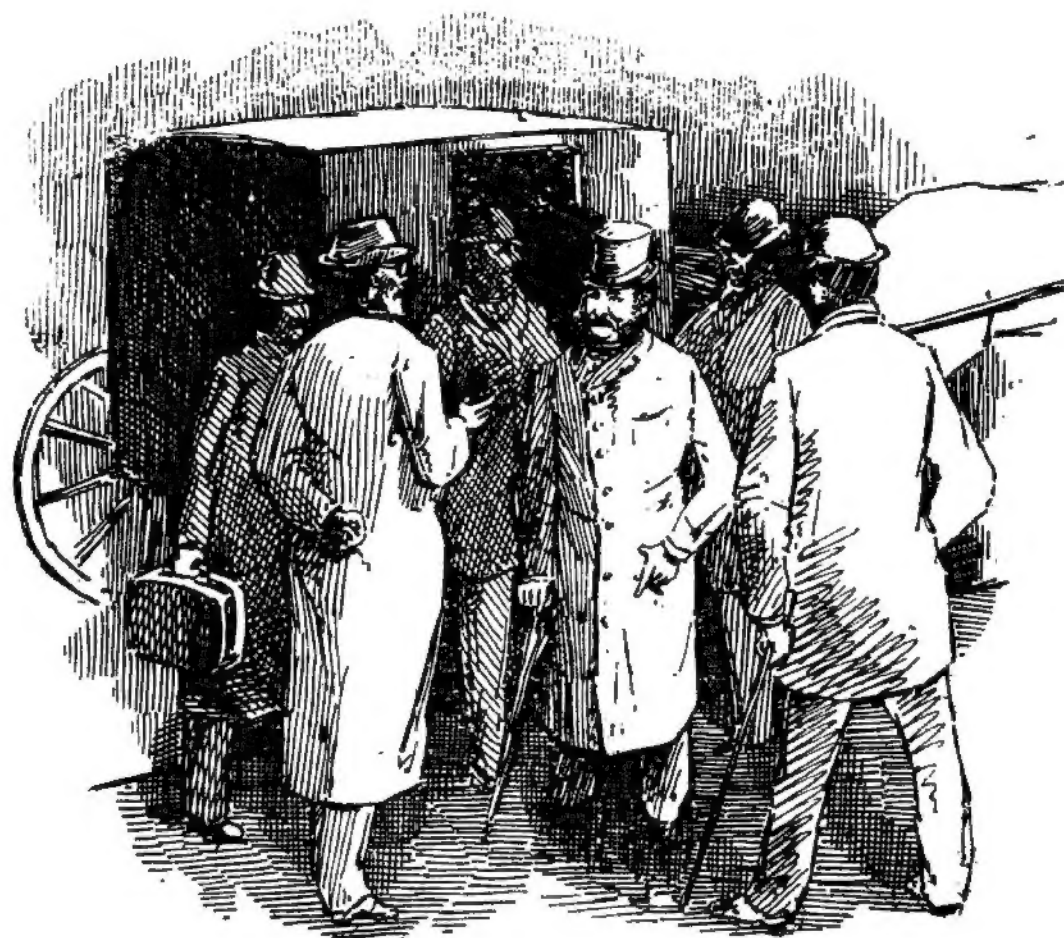
"I must thank you, gentlemen, for your kind reception. I am going down to Quebec as a prisoner in your interest, and in the interest of constitutional government and for the freedom of the press. Anything that I have done



MR. WHITE ADDRESSING THE CROWD.

"which has led to my arrest, has not been done maliciously or for my personal aggrandizement. Whoever says so lies. I hope to return soon, and I hope that we will have a good jury. Once more I thank you."

One of the artists of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED staff,



ARRIVAL AT THE DEPOT.

capital. A band was also in attendance, and the prisoners departed amid cheers and the strains of the national anthem. Before the train left there were loud cries for Mr. White, who appeared on the rear platform of the car and said:—

who was present, has reproduced the scenes at the depot. Other arrests that have since been made at Mr. Mercier's instigation and the proceedings thus far in court at Quebec have been fully described in the daily press.

Some Recollections of a Telegraph Employee.

A young man brought in a telegram once to be sent to his mother. On the way to the office he dropped and soiled the paper, and when handing it in to the counter clerk, he remarked: "Please don't send it on that same paper, it wouldn't look nice, you know."

* * *

Two Frenchmen walked into an office in Montreal, and after writing and consulting with each other for the space of half an hour, one of them handed the clerk a message which was duly checked and sent up the air tube to the operating room. After watching the *modus operandi* of the tube, one fellow remarked to the other with a knowing shrug of the shoulder: "Sacre, c'est vite faite bien?" (D—, but that's done quick, eh?)

* * *

There is no place where "cranks" are oftener met with than at the counter of a telegraph office in any large city. From the young lady fresh from the seminary who insists that "Mrs. Smith" is one word and should be charged for as such, to the old chappie who writes a letter after his signature and grumbles because it cannot go free as his address. Here come all the beggars, including the lady from up the country, collecting money to buy a bell for "our church," and the spouse of the noble red man with her outstretched hand and mournful appeal of "anything for poor sister to-day?"

* * *

One day a very pretty country girl walked into an office and handed in the following telegram: "Dear Uncle,—I am here staying with Aunt Kate and would like you to send me money enough to take me to Boston where you live. I will work for you when I get there to pay it back. Please do send it as I want to go to Boston very much. Your affectionate niece, Julia." Observing that the clerk smiled while he read the words, she said: "That's the first telegram I ever wrote, and perhaps it's not right." "Oh, it's all right," replied the clerk; "but it will cost you about two dollars. Shall I shorten it for you?" "Yes, please," she replied. So it was cut down to the ten-word limit, thus: "Here with Aunt Kate; please send enough money go Boston."

* * *

One day an old Irishwoman walked into an office and said: "Is this the tellygram office?" Being assured it was, she replied: "I want to send a tellygram dispatch to Rockville to J. Walsh." "All right," said the clerk, beginning to write the address; "John or Joseph?" "John," said she. "All right; to John Walsh, Rockville." "Och, its to her I want to send it," interposed the woman. "O.K., then, to Mrs. John Walsh, Rockville," again started the clerk; but to his horror the old woman stopped him again with the remark, "Yes; Mrs. John Walsh, shoemaker, Rockville." "You mean her husband is a shoemaker?" queried the clerk. "Yes, that's it." The message was finished at last, and when about to be sent to the operating room, the woman excitedly exclaimed: "No, no; that's wrong. God help me! his name is Michael."

* * *

There was a break on a line in Nova Scotia. The trouble was located between two offices, but the lineman could discover nothing. He was sent out for a last search and instructed to watch carefully where the wire crossed a bridge. Upon coming to the place, to his surprise he discovered that the wire had been cut and a piece removed and replaced with codfish line. The repairer instituted a strict inquiry into the affair and learned that a farmer's waggon had broken down near the place. The teamster requiring something to make repairs with, had taken out the piece of wire alluded to, and supposed that by inserting the twine the abstraction would not be noticed. The poor old farmer received a severe electric shock while connecting the two ends together, and the shapes he was doubled into would have made a very laughable picture.

* * *

I could give a number of other incidents, but the above selection will suffice to show the reader the annoyance and vexations the counter clerk labours under, not to speak of the complaints of customers and the pranks of mischievous messenger boys. These laughable occurrences seem to be sent by some good angel to break the monotony of their otherwise hum-drum existence; and, also, that telegraphers in general may enjoy many a quiet laugh at the expenses of the uninitiated.

H. H. A.



THE AFRICAN NATIVE CHOIR WHICH RECENTLY APPEARED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE.

THE NATIVE AFRICAN CHOIR.

In presenting to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED the pictures of the Native African Choir we desire to state, and be it to their honour, that a like compliment has been paid these interesting visitors by the *London Illustrated*, *London Graphic*, *Pall Mall Budget*, *Review of Reviews*, *Black and White*, and other illustrated journals, all of which speak in the highest terms of praise, and place on record the extraordinary interest and enthusiasm the choir has aroused in London since their arrival from Dark African shores some few months ago. Apart altogether from the marvellous exploits of Stanley in that hitherto "dark horse" of continents, says the *Lady's Pictorial*, Africa contains within her bosom secrets that make us gasp with wonder as to what will be. Who can yet gauge the extent of her auriferous wealth or the magnitude of her diamond fields. There is a fascination in the future of Africa from which it is almost impossible to tear one's-self away.

The idea of forming a native choir and bringing them to England originated with the Rev. James Morris, a Wesleyan missionary. He, however, was unable to carry out the idea, and Messrs. E. C. Howell (brother of the M.P.) and Walter E. Letty put the idea into effect, and started from Kimberly with the aid of four natives, travelling some 4,000 miles, visiting the different educational mission colleges en route in order to form a thoroughly representative body.

Many were the difficulties to be overcome on this long journey. There is a strong prejudice against natives in South Africa. For instance, one hotel proprietor refused accommodation to the Europeans on account of their being connected with the native choir, and they were compelled to put off the next day's concert and leave the town in the night. At another town the European members waited till the hotel-keeper had retired, and then gave up their rooms to the natives and walked about all night. Prejudices were finally overcome and strong sympathies enlisted in the cause. The object of the visit of this choir to England (and shortly

to this country) is to interest the public in the internal, social and material progress of South Africa and its native population, by the establishment of trade and technical schools, for teaching manual handicrafts, domestic economy, cookery, nursing, and such other useful arts as are essential to the future well-being of the native people of Africa. The choir consists of sixteen well-educated natives, representing seven distinct tribes. These are Amaxosa, Fingo, Basuto, Tembee, Zulu, Bapedi and Cape.

Since their arrival in England the choir have made many successful appearances in aristocratic circles, the chief being a performance before Her Majesty at Osborne. It is not a little singular that all the South African visitors expected to find their Queen much older-looking than she really is. The fact having been conveyed to Her Majesty that among the singers was a man who had fought against her flag in the Basuto war, the Queen, between the parts of the concerts, desired him to be pointed out to her. When this was done Her Majesty rose from her chair and bowed with much ceremony to Semour. The Queen's reply to the man who made a speech of thanks is worth recording: "I am pleased to see you all here this afternoon, and have admired the singing very much." The provisional patron list contains many well-known names, to whom the choir have paid visits, such as the Duke of Sutherland, the Bishop of London, Lord Knutsford, Mrs. Masters, at Petersham, to meet H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir Donald Currie, Lord Dysart, Sir John Lubbock, and a host of others. At Osborne some 30 or 40 members of the Household came in, immediately followed by the Queen, who was escorted by Princess Beatrice, Princess Frederica of Hanover, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Ladies in Waiting. After singing "God Save the Queen," the choir threw their heads back and saluted Her Majesty in true Kaffir style, shouting, "A! Umdihkayi!" which means, "Hail, Your Majesty!"

The Queen then commanded the choir to commence. When they sang the Kaffir song and dance, "We are Twins," the two little Kaffir boys stepped out and danced apart. At first the Queen had seemed amused at the proceedings, but when these little boys commenced to dance she laughed the whole time they were dancing. The last piece, "Does Anybody Know the Big Baboon?" was thoroughly appreciated by the whole Household. At the conclusion of the concert, Mr. Xincive, a member of the choir, in addressing Her Majesty on behalf of the choir, said how gratified they were that Her Majesty had granted them this reception, and that that was the main thing for which they had been working. He said they had not left South Africa without a great deal of misgiving on their own part and on the part of their friends, but since their arrival in England the warm reception which had been accorded them by everyone, enabled them to have no fear as to the result of their mission. He finished his speech by saying they were not a mere band of minstrels, but were travelling with a set aim and object, viz., to try and benefit their own people and their own country. Their country, though great, only formed a small portion of Her Majesty's domains. The Queen was much interested in the two little boys, and desired that they be brought to her, which being done, she asked them several questions respecting their parentage, names, ages, etc., finally sending Sir Henry Ponsonby back to convey to the promoters her gratification for the pleasant time she had spent with the choir.

The music consists of Kaffir wedding songs, harvest songs, and Kaffir dances among other things—all native harmonies composed before the people knew that music was governed by laws. Not the most popular, but the most curious, is their use of consecutive fifths, in which musicians are so much interested. The choir sing in the Amasoso (Kaffir) Basuto and English tongues. The celebrated London critic and preacher, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, in writing an extended article on the merits of the choir for the *Pall Mall Budget*, says he was asked by the proprietors if he would like to hear the choir chant the Lord's prayer first. Replying in the affirmative:—"They all stood up, and with hands

IN ACADIA.

clasped and eyes reverently turned upwards, I heard the Lord's prayer given in slow, measured, four-part harmony, with a pathos and awe which might well teach our congregations a lesson. Then followed a Kaffir hymn with the peculiar click on any very solemn words—such as 'the love of God'—creating a perfectly novel impression. The Kaffir marriage song, in the middle of which the bride covers her face with her pocket handkerchief and cries harmoniously to the deep and mellow bass voices of the men, was most quaint, and the wind up, 'Does anybody here know the big baboon?' was sung with great gusto, the little boys imitating the big baboon and other animals with native exactness and efficiency. One-third of the proceeds of all their performances is to be lodged in the keeping of trustees appointed by the committee, for the establishment of an educational and technical school in Central South Africa for the native tribes." Before parting with the distinguished divine, the choir shook hands with the Rev. Mr. Haweis, accepting at the same time an invitation to come and chant the Lord's prayer in his church on the following Sunday night, and thus actually share a portion of the Church of England liturgy side by side with an Anglican choir. "It has been said," continues Mr. Haweis, "that 'one touch of nature makes the whole world akin.' With that solemn *Pater Noster* chant ringing in my ears, I could not help remembering words of even deeper import and diviner tenderness. Surely I was in the presence of those 'other sheep' that were 'not of this fold,' but whom, nevertheless, the Good Shepherd promised to call. At any rate they seem to have heard His voice saying unto them,—'When ye pray, say Our Father.'"

"I'll never publish another book anonymously as long as I live," said a poet on Christmas morning.

"Why not?" queried a friend.

"Because I have already received five copies of my own book from my admirers, with the compliments of the season."—*From the Editor's drawer, in Harper's Magazine.*

"Mary," said Mrs. Hicks, to the new waitress, "what has become of those red wine glasses?" "Oh, mum," replied Mary, with a frightened sob, "the cook's cousin was here Sunday, and he ate 'em all up. He's the glass eater at the museum, mum."

We are a quiet people down here by the sea. Life flows smoothly along, and we know nothing of the gaunt, grim poverty, the bitter strife, or the awful crimes that convulse the great cities of the world. But, we love our country, her rushing rivers, her mighty forests,—her resources as boundless as the oceans that wash her shores. Peace and prosperity are ours, and liberty in its fullest extent, no matter to what creed we may belong, or from what nationality we may trace our origin. A calamity—such an one as comes but seldom to a nation—came to us a few months since. All Canada wept for her mighty dead, and, fit closing to that sad chapter was the pathetic, noble letter, from the gentle lady who was his true help-meet in word and deed. A letter that should live in all Canadian hearts, inspiring loyalty, national brotherhood, and a desire to stand "shoulder to shoulder" for their common good.

Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, is situated on a sloping hillside, overlooked by its towering citadel, strongly fortified, and grimly, like a stern sentinel, guarding its charge from the outer world. In front, the shoreless Atlantic; away back, until in lilaceous colouring they meet the sky, stretch the blue hills and forests. Out at the mouth of the harbour the great fort, York Redoubt, looks down from its rocky height, frowning and silent, to where the Atlantic rolls at its feet. At the opposite point of the harbour is the old Martello Tower, now called Mesher's Beach light house. It was formerly a French fort. Enter the quaint old building, mount the grim, dark stairs, and the view that meets the eye is a recompense for the ascent. Earth and sea and sky are blended in one vast panorama, to which no pen of mine can do justice. Far out stretches the dark blue water; away to the west lie the huge peaks and granite boulders that fringe this rock-bound coast. On the eastern side, red clay banks and green hills predominate, and at our back is the magnificent harbour, with Halifax on one bank, and the pretty town of Dartmouth on the other. Out on the horizon the dark smoke of a steamer is visible; wait a few moments and you will see her ploughing her way up Halifax harbour, as the booming of the guns announces that the English mail has arrived.

Very fair and calm looks the restless sea in the golden light of this summer evening, and one can scarce realize old

ocean lashed to fury; but when the autumn gales are sweeping the coast, sea and wind can tell a different tale.

You who dwell inland among the slumbering hills and valleys; you who never sniff the ozone-laden breezes from the deep, can have no realization of the fact that a storm on the Atlantic coast is one of the grandest sights the world ever sees.

Suppose a dull, grey sky, with here and there a cloud of deeper, denser blackness, standing out clearly against this already too gloomy background. The wind is steadily rising from the east, driving before it dense masses of clouds towards the western heavens. Old Sol sinks slowly, as though loth to leave the scene, behind a towering mass of cloud-land, standing out from the background like some great chasm yawning to receive its prey. Away in the east a faint streak of light is visible amid the surrounding darkness. And now an ever-changing kaleidoscope presents itself; a crimson glow overspreads everything for the moment, and as quickly fades away. Great masses of clouds, crimson and gold-tipped, rise and roll away, and merge into darker hues, deep purple and grey, but all fading only too quickly, leaving an almost inky darkness to settle over the whole expanse of sky,—fit prelude to the night that is approaching.

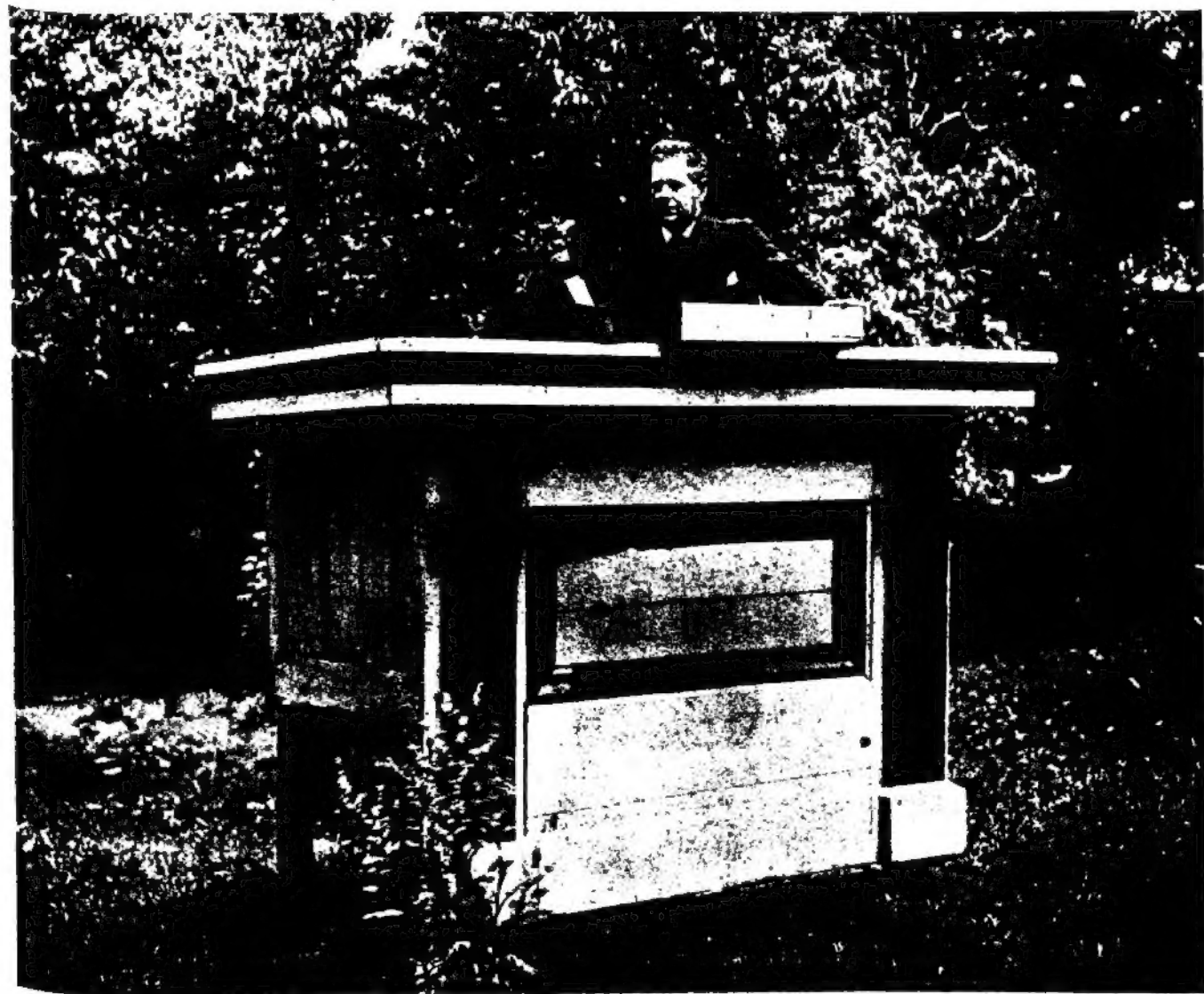
And look! old ocean is rising in his might. Steadily, surely, the sea is being lashed into fury. From the summit of the tower of one of our great coast light-houses we look out on a scene of grandeur. The mountain billows rolling on towards the rocky shores, to break at last with a sound resembling distant thunder, and with a force that sends the spray far into the air. A boiling, seething mass of white below, only broken by the dark, jagged rocks, against which the white billows break and rise to a stupendous height, and a black, inky sky above, as the night closes down. But the light-house man is at his post. Punctually as the sun sets a fragment of its fire seems left shining in the lantern glasses, and soon the friendly light is throwing its cheering beams out over the angry sea. The winds may roar, the waves roll mountains high, but the faithful beacon warns the mariner that our rock-bound coast is near, and guides him safely on till the storm is spent, and with fitful murmurings the water sinks to rest.

A far different scene awaits us away from the roar of the ocean. Up where the iron horse winds its way on over the beautiful Avon, and across the dykes where lived and loved Evangeline, the scene is one of quiet beauty, worthy of an artist's brush. The great dykes and meadows are there: the giant willows under which Gabriel and Evangeline strayed still stretch their giant limbs upward to the sky. Look away over the uplands, and across the blue water; there in the distance lies Blomidon, cape of storms, blue, cloud-capped, fraught with its legends of Glooscap and his Indian hand. All around us the grain is waving, and, just touched with the frosts of early autumn, the oak and maple glow with fires that burn but never consume. We hear of the vaunted glories of the Tropics, of the grandeur of Alpine heights, but our Canadian woods in autumn rival the beauties of other lands. Here where the lovely Gaspereaux winds its serpentine way on through the green meadows, one can live and dream his life away, unconscious, if he wishes, that there lies a busy, teeming world behind those everlasting hills.

The tourist will meet no French descendants of the old Acadians in this portion of the province. Here where those people are forever associated with Grand Pre in the minds of all lovers of Longfellow, no trace remains of their existence, save a few old mounds or hollows where their dwellings once stood, and even these are fast vanishing.

In the extreme west of the province, along the shores of St. Mary's Bay, there are large numbers of French; descendants of the Acadians, a very few, who either escaped the wholesale banishment, or wandered back in after years to find their old homes in the hands of strangers. They are a sturdy, intelligent people, with the dark locks and bright eyes of their ancestors, but we look in vain for the beauty and grace of Evangeline. They belong to a bygone time. However, we live in a prosaic age, and we must not drift in line with the modern historian in this particular instance, or we lose the charm of all that makes tender and sweet the masterpiece of the great American poet. Yet, can it be true, think you, that his eyes never rested on Grand Pre or the beautiful Gaspereaux?

SYDNEY OWEN.



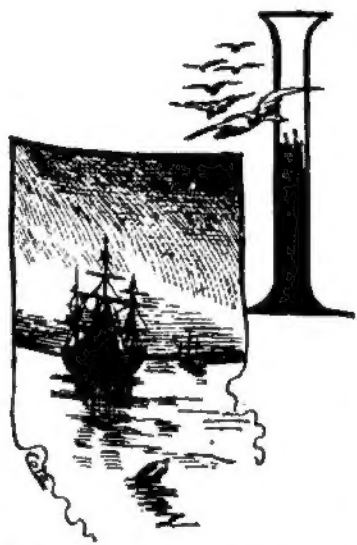
A PULPIT OVER 100 YEARS OLD.
(Now in Niagara Park.)



ON THE STEPS OF A BOMBAY HOTEL.
ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE.
 (From *The Illustrated London News*.)

COL. HOLBROOK.

A REMINISCENCE.—BY L. H. D.



It is more than twenty years since what I am about to narrate took place, and yet it all seems to me as fresh as though it had happened but yesterday. I see the beautiful harbour of Bombay rise up before me with its far famed caves of Elephanta and its Apollo Bunder where so many of us have watched both the incoming and outgoing P. & O. Steamers, while to the right extends Colaba, separating the harbour from

Back Bay, which latter had recently earned a renown similar to that of the Bundelcund Banking Company. Yonder stands Malabar Hill, the quarter where most of the Anglo-Indians have their bungalows, and from whence it will not take us long to drive to the Byculla Club, where I first met Colonel Holbrook.

I had two friends in those days; one was George Leyden, a lawyer, with whom I had shared a bungalow before he fell a victim to the charms of Mrs. Leyden, and the other, John (more generally called Jack) Stirling, a surgeon in the army, to whose skill and patience I owe a life which I fear was hardly worth the trouble bestowed in saving it. We are most of us "falling among thieves" in our journey through the world, and should be grateful for a stray Samaritan who helps us on our way.

Mrs. Leyden being in England with her children, Leyden, Stirling and myself had been dining at the Byculla together and were enjoying our cheroots on the verandah overlooking the race course and Byculla Flats.

"No," remarked Stirling, "Holbrook does not often smile, and yet there are plenty who remember the time when he went by the name of Rollicking Holbrook for his ceaseless good-humour and fun. No one, however, who knows his story wonders at the change."

"And the story was——?" I asked.

"Similar to many others that happened during the mutiny," replied Stirling gravely. "Holbrook was stationed in the Punjab, being then a Captain in the 116th Bengal Cavalry, and having his wife and two children with him. The regiment was supposed to be loyal, but alas, one day as Holbrook was returning home after trying a new horse—a magnificent Waler—his wife's ayah stopped him when he was about to enter the camp ground and told him to fly for his life for the regiment had mutinied and the Sepoys were sacking the officers' quarters and butchering all who resisted. For a moment Holbrook was staggered, and the laughing light in his eyes we all liked to see, vanished never to return; the next instant he demanded in a hoarse whisper, which seemed to dread the answer, where the "Memsahib" was, and on the ayah replying that she was a prisoner in the bungalow, Holbrook dismounted and telling the ayah to act as "syce" for a few minutes and hold his horse, he made for his bungalow as swiftly and silently as possible. The scene which followed I do not like to think of, and Holbrook himself has never spoken of it. I had it from an eye witness some months afterwards, and it is sufficient to say that the mutineers did not anticipate a rescue and had taken more precautions to guard their prisoners from escaping than against outside succour. The consequence was that Holbrook effected an entrance into his bungalow, and was advancing sword in hand to the room where his wife and children were, before his presence was noticed. On the threshold of the door lay one of his servants—the hamal, I think—stone dead, in defense of his master's home, and then the mutineer sentinel on beholding Holbrook gave his last shout as his Captain cut him down and burst into the room over the body. The fight which ensued must have been terrible, for Holbrook was one of the best swordsmen in India, and was struggling for what is dearer than life. One of the Sepoys, thinking to stay Holbrook's arms cried out, pointing a rifle

at Mrs. Holbrook, that he would fire unless Sahib stopped. I may tell you that the Holbrook motto is "Death before dishonour," and I can quite believe that it was an absolute relief to her husband (knowing it was impossible to save her) when the fatal bullet killed Mrs. Holbrook. The blackguard next sheathed his sword to the hilt in the youngest child, a boy of four years, but this was his last crime, for a moment later his head, with the savage grin still on the face, rolled on the floor, having been literally severed from the body by a slashing sweep of Holbrook's sword. This seemed to appal the mutineers for a second or two, and Holbrook, catching up his little girl,—all that was left him now—bounded out of the bungalow just in time, as a large number of fresh mutineers were arriving to reinforce their comrades. He appeared to bear a charmed life, for in spite of the bullets fired after him he reached the spot where he had left his horse unhurt, and of course it was not long before he was in the saddle with Isabel in front of him speeding away as fast as his big Australian could gallop. The baffled mutineers pursued him for some distance, but the Waler, even with the extra weight he was carrying, was more than a match for the ordinary cavalry chargers, and the chase was soon abandoned. Nevertheless Holbrook did not draw rein until both he and his horse were about dead beat and his daughter had fallen fast asleep on his arm."

There was silence as Stirling ceased speaking, and, before I asked what became of the girl, a tall military looking man, with a drooping iron grey moustache, advanced towards us, whom Leyden and Stirling addressed as Holbrook. He was introduced to me, and I must confess that I have seen much handsomer men in my day, but there was an indefinable something about Holbrook which seemed to fascinate all those he was brought into contact with. Though grave there was nothing morose in his demeanour; he was quiet without giving you the idea of melancholy, and in spite of the fact that in the dreadful days of '57 when face to face with the foe he had never been known to give quarter, he had a gentle if somewhat distant courtesy towards natives which many of us might have taken pattern by. But the chief charm to my mind in encountering Colonel Holbrook was his straightforward honest eyes, the sort of eyes which you felt would never flinch at any danger nor swerve a hair's breadth from the path of honour. For the rest, the Colonel, owing to his erect bearing, and lithe, muscular figure, did not look over forty years of age, whereas he was the wrong side of fifty.

The Colonel told us presently he had taken a small furnished bungalow on the Breach Candy road near the Vellard, as he was expecting his daughter out by the "Malta," which was due in a couple of days. Here was news indeed, for to Anglo-Indian society the arrival of a young unmarried English girl is as welcome as rain in the desert.

"I suppose you have not seen Miss Holbrook since she was quite a child?" remarked Stirling.

"No, the last time I saw her was eleven years ago, when I had my long furlough and I went home to arrange about her education. By Jove, she must be almost out of her teens now. I wonder whether I shall know her when I meet her."

Here is one of the drawbacks in life in India; you cannot bring up your children there after they are five or six years of age, and consequently the country can never become a colony. There is something pathetic when we recall the Colonel having at the risk of his life saved that of his child being about to meet the latter as a comparative stranger. Did the blooming young lady, so tall that even the Colonel scarcely needed to stoop to give the paternal greeting, remember the day when, almost blinded by horror and blood, the same father who was somewhat shyly gazing at her, had, after rescuing her from a terrible fate, borne her in his arms over a long and painful march to rest and safety? I am afraid Isabel Holbrook's memory did not go so far back; she was charmed to see her father, who looked every inch a soldier; delighted with the new sights around her, but the mutiny had happened a long time ago, and about which the Colonel never opened his lips. I am

therefore not blaming Isabel for not recollecting what she owed—how many of us do so?—but she soon came to know her father, whereas standing on the "Malta's" quarter deck she was just making his acquaintance.

Ah, she was a bright, beautiful creature when she arrived to gladden the Colonel's home like a sunbeam, for alas so short a period. I like to think of those happy days, and it was a pleasure to watch the fair young girl by her pretty ways coaxing back the old smile which had been so long missed from the soldier's face. You see, as I grow older, life appears to have more of shadows about it than formerly and I am tempted to linger in the sunny spots as I come across them.

During the hot season Colonel Holbrook managed to escape for a few days to the little hill station of Matheran, where Isabel had her first encounter with the deadly cobra, and was surprised to see how quickly her father dispatched the reptile with his riding whip. When the monsoon burst about the end of May, the Colonel and his daughter moved up to Poona, a military station at the top of the Bhore Ghaut, a hundred miles or so from Bombay and a very favourite resort in the rainy season, as the hills surrounding it seem to draw away the heavy rains for the most part leaving Poona comparatively dry and cool. Everyone is aware what a delightful place Poona is in the monsoon, but I wish with all my heart Isabel Holbrook had never gone there, and then perhaps these pages would never have been written.

I forgot where Isabel first met Stanton Jarvis, the manager for the great Parsee banking firm Dhuramjee, Jeejeebhoy and Jehangeer; probably at some "burra khana," (dinner party)—at any rate no sooner had he made his appearance on the scene than her highness Miss Holbrook had no eyes for anyone else. Poor Stirling, who I fancy in his deliberate Scotch manner had been letting himself down rather than falling in love with the Colonel's daughter, found himself left suddenly out in the cold, while your humble servant, who had only ventured to worship the star from a distance, became no more to her than the dirt which her Arab horse Subadar kicked up with his heels. Her father even found himself beginning, as it is called, to "play second fiddle;" he who had saved her life and loved and waited for her in solitude for eleven years was no longer first, but came after one only known a week! Is not this always so? We rear and tend our flowers, guarding them through many a cold winter, and just as they reach perfection they are transplanted by some one who can merely give promises as against our performances, and we have to watch them bloom elsewhere. Bloom did I say? Do they not sometimes fade? But pshaw, because I have seen one miserable marriage I am growing like Hamlet, trying to set right a world out of joint and forgetting that both Stirling and myself in after years took two daughters from their parent's roof without the slightest compunction.

It must be admitted that Stanton Jarvis was a handsome fellow; he rode well, which ought to have been a point in his favour with the Colonel, who admired good horsemanship, and yet although there had never been a whisper against the character of Mr. Jarvis, and his manners were irreproachable, our friend the Colonel would sometimes repeat the lines about the famous Dr. Fell until he found his daughter became annoyed, when the result was what might have been expected. Remember that since the mutiny the Colonel had led a retired life, doing his duty quietly and unostentatiously, and eschewing as far as possible the society of the gentler sex, so after ten or a dozen years of this kind of existence we need not be surprised that he became completely enslaved by the charms of the fair Isabel or that he was more indulgent with the latter's whims and fancies than any doting mother with her first born. Here again I must ask you not to impute heavy blame to Isabel. The girl had been educated at a somewhat austere school, could scarcely recollect a mother's guiding hand, and on arriving in India found herself worshipped as only regular old "qui hies" can worship a fresh English maiden whose roses have not yet been bleached by the Indian sun. She hardly knew her father, whose reserve had grown so habitual that perfect confidence between the pair was at first impossible. Isabel admired the Colonel greatly, used to dub him a true Bayard and all that sort of thing, but he was just a trifle grave, you see, and youthlike she loved to be in the neighbourhood of smiles and laughter. Stanton Jarvis had plenty of these at his disposal, and I could not help thinking his stock in-

creased when he learned that the Colonel had a couple of laks to his name. I can no longer delay relating what I wish to Heaven had never happened, but these pages only form a reminiscence, not a three volume novel, so before the close of the Poona season it became generally known that Isabel Holbrook was engaged to Stanton Jarvis and that the wedding was to take place at Bombay some time in November. In this sketch I have not space to describe the "ever old yet ever new"; yet some day I hope to give you a thrilling love story and all that dearest Henry murmured under the palmyras to sweetest Edith and what the latter whispered in return. I cannot promise that such conversation will be very different from what thousands of others have been under the oak tree in England or the maple in Canada, and yet they never seem to grow stale or monotonous to the majority of readers, indeed, when I remarked one day that there was a sameness in love-making, I was quickly taken to task by a certain lady who said, "Ah, my dear, you did not think so once." Well, perhaps not, but to resume: as soon as Stirling learned that Isabel Holbrook was beyond his reach, he declared Poona was insufferably dull, the "gymkhana" beastly slow, and the races the poorest he had ever seen. Finally after wreaking his ill-temper upon his friends and making himself generally disagreeable all round, he betook himself off to Bombay, much, it must be confessed, to everyone's relief. The Colonel, like the gallant soldier he was, did his best to bow to what was inevitable, but all his grave tenderness to his daughter, and his scrupulous courtesy to Jarvis could not disguise the fact that the projected match was not his choice. The smile, which had lately been playing round the corner of the Colonel's mouth, especially when watching his daughter, began to fade away again, and he would sit almost impassive while Isabel and Jarvis were laughing with all their might at Dave Carson's great character song "The Bengalee Bahoo." Truly "Man never is but always to be blest," and all the Colonel's dreams of making a happy home for his daughter and himself, of which he had a brief foretaste, were vanishing into thin air. Isabel at first had insisted upon her father's taking up his abode with her after her marriage, but though the Colonel was pleased at his daughter's desire not to lose him, he steadily declined to comply with her behest, which caused a little passage at arms between two who had unconsciously been drifting asunder.

"You will be so lonely, papa," said Isabel, with a pleading glance.

"Not more so than I have been for the last dozen years," replied the Colonel.

"That was no fault of mine papa, and now that I and Stanton offer you a home—— oh, papa, I don't believe you care for me a bit!" cried Isabel, breaking off.

Not care for her! Not care for the single treasure he had fought so well for and saved on that fearful day never to be recalled without a shudder. Colonel Holbrook was an undemonstrative man, and hated everything theatrical, and he simply placed his hand on his daughter's shoulder, saying, "I think, my child, the best answer I can give you will be to tell you something I have never spoken of to anyone, and would ask you never to refer to the subject again."

Then he shortly related the bare facts of what I have already told you. There were no embellishments, but I think Isabel as she listened supplied those and began to realize what a noble fellow her grave and gentle father was. Before he had finished her arms were round his neck, and the two approached nearer in spirit than they had been for sometime, but fate was to bring them closer yet before the last parting came.

The inevitable took place at the appointed time, and Stanton Jarvis, may the gods confound him, led Isabel to the altar. Jack Stirling had gone pig sticking somewhere near Ahmmedabad, but Leyden and the writer were present on the memorable occasion, and very beautiful Miss Holbrook appeared in bridal attire. The breakfast was pretty much what all such breakfasts are. Everybody complimented everybody else, and Colonel Holbrook, with the air of a man riding at a rasping big fence, said so many handsome things about Jarvis that you might have thought the latter was the one of all others whom the Colonel would have picked out for his son in law. Although Jarvis did not seem to appreciate the encomiums heaped upon him, Isabel's eyes glistened with pleasure, and I am sure she felt that her father for her sake was doing his best to give her unalloyed joy upon that day.

The honeymoon was just over when a panic commenced in business circles in Bombay and stocks of every description began to fall, first slowly and then with a run as though they would never stop. Merchants and bankers looked doubtful at one another, Premchand Roychand, the great Hindoo merchant supposed to be worth one hundred laks of rupees, was utterly and irretrievably ruined, and dark rumours were whispered about the largest English houses, while even the great Parsee baronet was said to be heavily involved.

I ought perhaps to have mentioned that Colonel Holbrook previous to her marriage had settled a lak of rupees on his daughter in such a way that her husband only benefited to the extent of sharing the income derived from the interest, so that when the bankers, Dhuramjee, Jeejeebhoy and Jehangeer became slightly embarrassed and found their manager's account overdrawn in consequence of an unfortunate speculation in Back Bay shares, it was natural a peremptory demand was made upon Mr. Stanton Jarvis to make good the overdraft within twenty-four hours or be prepared to meet the alternative. It was equally natural that Jarvis should tell Isabel of his predicament, and that they should both forthwith lay siege to the Colonel, but inasmuch as we never confess all our sins, Jarvis did not tell the Colonel his position as manager of the banking firm was forfeited, nor did he tell Isabel of an awkward letter he had in his pocket which had made him fully determined to quit Bombay at once and for ever, leaving her to mourn a wrecked life as best she might.

I think when the worst became known, when one morning an illiterate half-caste woman arrived by the steamer from Tellicherry, who proved to be the real Mrs. Jarvis, it was just as well the villain was beyond the reach of the Colonel's arm. And poor Isabel, all her trust was shattered and her idol lower than the dirt beneath her feet. It was a rude awakening from her roseate dream, and she could hardly realize the dull cold dawn which had come upon her. She was lying with her face buried on the sofa, moaning as though in pain, when a hand was laid gently on her head, and turning she saw her father stooping over her. The Colonel did not speak, but his daughter could read him at last and fell sobbing into those arms in which she had rested a little child years ago. After the storm came the calm; the Colonel took his retiring pension and he and Isabel left India and resided for some years in the South of France. When last in England, I learned from Leyden, who had also said adieu to the East and was practising in London, that the Colonel had died recently of a disease which caused him intense suffering borne with fortitude and

patience. His daughter nursed him fondly to the end, the name was the last upon his lips, and his last thought was of the child he had loved so well.

Are the just always rewarded and the unjust punished in this life? In San Francisco there lives a millionaire amidst every luxury, much courted and sought after, whose name used to be Stanton Jarvis, while in a small town in Devonshire a lady called Mrs. Holbrook has a humble cottage, and whom hardly anyone knows. She has a sad pale face, and would never recall the Isabel Holbrook who turned the heads of half the young fellows in Bombay some fourteen years before. You cannot please her more than by telling her she is very like her father, and when her boy comes home for the holidays she will point to the Colonel's portrait remarking, "Try to be like your grandfather Frank, and never disgrace a name which in peace or war he always kept untarnished."

When our turns come and the grass grows green over our graves, reader, may those we leave behind so speak of us.

Stray Notes.

In a heated debate in parliament, Fox charged Pitt with wrongdoing, and asked had he no fear of the Day of Judgment. Pitt said his only fear was for the day of "want" of judgment, as he had a low opinion of the political sagacity of his opponents.

Mrs. Siddons called upon Doctor Johnson, where household furniture was scant at the time; he had not even a chair to offer at the moment, but instantly remarked, "Madam, wherever you go it is difficult to find seats," in allusion to the crowded audience that greeted her public appearances on the stage.

A defaulting, yet insolent, subscriber complained that his paper was habitually damp when he got it. The witty editor remarked dryly, "its no wonder, there is so much 'dew' on it."

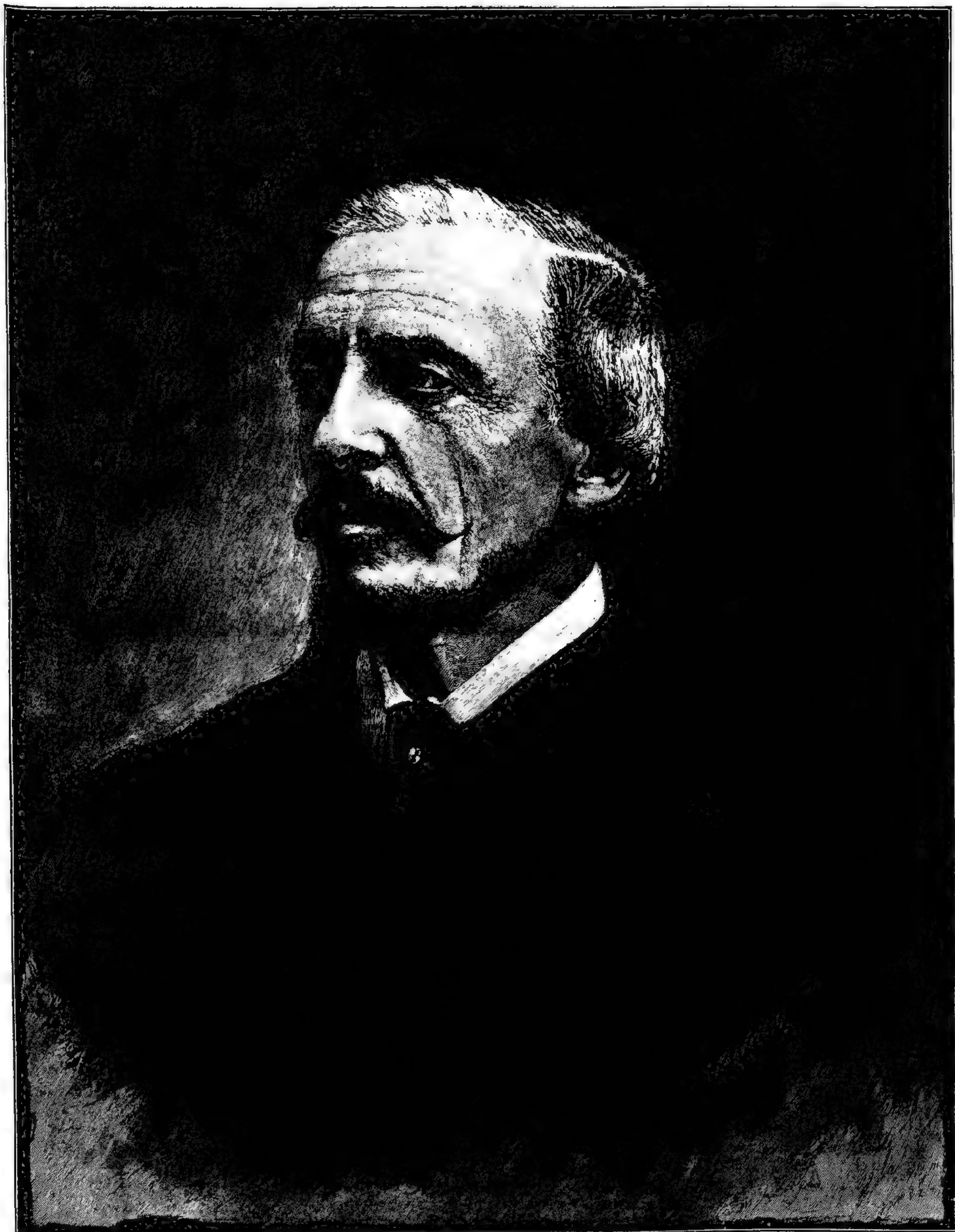
The writer knows a man who, on leaving a friend's house, asked the lady to leave the door open, saying when he got safe down the steps he would return and shut it.

John Philpot Curran was once pleading before Judge Lord Clare, I think. The judges' favourite mastiff suddenly appeared beside him on the bench; Curran stopped, and, on being questioned as to the cause, calmly replied, "I thought your lordship was holding a consultation."

W. E.



MUSEUM OF THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY. MONTREAL.



From a photograph by Messrs. E. Hott & Fry, Baker street, London.

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.
THE NEW LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.
(From *The Illustrated London News*.)



CHERRYFIELD, November 25th, 1891.

MY DEAR DOMINION,—



DEVOUTLY, under the calm of this sky, the "starry banner" droops upon its staff; for this is the Day of National Thanksgiving,—and a day to give thanks for. It came from heaven spirit-like, and has hovered about sweet-smiling without touching the earth, or gathering any stain, until it slipped away amid the blazing curtains of its western window. With song and prayer and sermon, and then with friendly and family groups gathered at table and fireside, the hours swiftly went,—and who shall gather them? Let us trust that the gratitude of our hearts bears some proportion to the good mini-tered by Him who "crowns the year." And this November! June, in their way, not more superb. Do you recall Tom Hood's string of libellous negations, beginning,—

"No sun, no moon, no proper time of day,"

inapplicable to a month like this, in Maine or Canada, however relevant to a foggy London, at that unhappy date. If the dear poet were present in person, as in heart and thought, I know he would revise that disheartening picture, by the instinct of justice, and the "weight of glory" with which any one of the sunsets of the past week would have overwhelmed him. One, without question, would have put a sparkle in his brain, that would have burnt itself out in a sonnet, to shame the following:*

Not the attire of kings, when crowns are set
Mid coronation splendours, have such sheen
As now in this November sky is seen,—
Where late the Day in his fire-chariot
Rode down the western hills, that lighten yet!
Twilight her tent of purple and of gold
Pitches on yon dark crag, and multifold
Dapples the river, where its waters fret
Past the low bank in leafless quietude.
The new moon haloes soft her crystal sphere;
Glasses 'mid the shadowed trees she beauteous lies:
Such glory comes to gild, such peace to brood,
And change to gold and pearl the darkening year,—
The month of wailing winds and shadowed skies!

* * *

In reading to my boys, at the hour before bed-time, I mark how charming a thing is variety. One likes a fairy-story; another, a domestic or pathetic tale. The eldest is always drawn to the "moving accident,"—the kind in which Othello was so eloquent, and which exercised Desdemona so powerfully,—which never fails of his warmest approbation. His characteristics are contained in a few sentences from the pen of a recent writer:† "A healthy and high-spirited boy, dashing in headforemost through the casement from a foray in the fields. Carelessly impulsive, like a kitten or a monkey, his eye is caught by some dog-eared little volume on his book-shelf. His mood changes as by enchantment: he makes a plunge at the book; the flashing eye is toned down in intense though subdued fascination, and in five minutes, with heart and soul absorbed, he is thousands of leagues away in some bright realms of fancy." But the book's complete charm comes when he can enlist a reader, or find some one with whom he can share his enthusiasm. He cannot linger to protract a solitary pleasure, and disdains all drowsing over dreamy beauties. I read the "Lady of the Lake" to him the other evening, and noted curiously, and with delight, its effect upon him. I have boundless confidence in that book, brought in contact with the mind of a boy who is as much at home with a gun in the woods as with a story by the fireside. I saw how he was stirred by that noble description of "The Chase," and the magical compound of beauty and grandeur in the portrayal of Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. His interest visibly strengthened as the fiery cross began to circulate, and the clans to gather; but, when the passage of arms between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu was reached, his enthusiasm culminated. His eyes have glanced and flashed, but now they are ablaze; he has moved uneasily in his chair, and cleared his throat as if to speak, but now he leaps up,—as if ready for combat,—and grasps the book to see that all the wonderful words I said were recorded there,—letting off a running fire of questions. He

scans the engravings, more and more closely, especially that of Fitz-James at bay against the rock. Over and over again he repeats each thrilling passage: the air, for days to come, shall be vocal, echoing with slogan, pibroch, and clashing broadswords. "His study of imagination" holds nothing so vivid as the blood-stained heather, whereon the savage yet generous Gael, and the impersonation of romantic chivalry, struggle in that death-grip. Ha! hear him, and see him flourish!

"Now, Gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain!—down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below."

A good indication, this, of the poet's power,—a worthy tribute to his genius! In him I see my youth appear, as with the lad's my spirit rises. I marvel not that he loves this lovely creation; it has had a charm for me, beyond the reach of criticism, since my Uncle John put into my hands this little pocket edition and professed it to be the only poem he ever read with much interest. Faults it doubtless has,—as Jeffrey and others have indicated,—but my eyes are too much bewitched ever to care to detect them. Surely its beauties are borne high above them, as good "mother Tiber" bore up the chin of her brave Roman. Never will that fine lyrical episode of "The Battle of Beal an' Duine" lose its power over me; with the thrilling contrast of Nature's awful hush and the silent marching of men who shall be the spoil of battle, with the sudden breaking of battle and storm!

"There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eery nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes as with a purple shroud
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!

"Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground.
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned;
Their barbed horsemen in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the hends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!" * * *

But, if you will have the remainder, take up the wizard thing again, and feel its spell with full surrender. True it is of Sir Walter that, whether it be in verse or prose, we never weary of him, till we weary of sun and star and river, lonely lake, brook, cataract, mountain or mountain breeze. He brings us back to old times, not only, but to the eternal breathing, and the unchanging spirit of things,—the fashion of our prime. He and Nature walk exultant together, hunting out nesting-places of romance. In him is the full wild pulse of life,—the life the healthy boy lives. We love him in boyhood, we take him up with pleasant familiarity in middle life, and read him with undiminished zest: if we become old, our gray hairs are familiar with the passion of our boyhood. Well says the author of "Rab": "What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely?"* He goes down safely and well to other generations; he is constant as a mountain stream; he is pure and sweet as native air; he is noble as patriotism; he is grateful as water from the rock; he is an evergreen; he can never be outworn.

Did you have the eclipse? I suppose it was no little side show, gotten up "down East;" but that you had it in Montreal, and would have had it had you been at Winnipeg or Victoria. I gazed at the weird marvel for several minutes before I went into the church for my meeting, and had considerable time for observation afterward. How it impresses one with the accuracy of this wonderful piece of workmanship—this clock of the heavens! the rotations and circumvolutions of these orbs, on one of which we stand! How awe-inspiring a phenomenon this is! It looked, as the umbra went on, as if the strip of curved light were a new moon, and the rest of the orb never seen so clear before,—glowing into red heat—darkly incandescent. It gave a growing dismay to night. Then the shadow crept over the rest of her face, and the obscuration was complete. I thought of Shakespeare's and Milton's allusions to this marvel of nature—so infrequent, and yet so certain,—and of Shelley's vivid, powerful lines:

"As when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

By the by, I have, of late, for the first time read Shelley's letters and prose-writings, with much increase of interest in his poetry, and with the highest pleasure in both. How intense a poet he was!—in temperament, in fortune, in product,—how supremely a poet! The letters command our respect, as putting the man candidly before us, and in an exceedingly winsome light. They are pure and grave in tone, marked by the same passionate love of nature which distinguishes his poetry, and give a favourable idea of his domestic devotion, self abnegation, and constancy in friendship. An infidel in theory, with a most profound animosity toward dogmatic theology, and Christianity, as he had misseen it, and felt its abuse; he had yet a most Christian spirit, and was pure in thought and habit. As to his poetic bent, his fancifulness is too extreme for emulation. His like is about as likely to appear as a *bona fide* angel; but the world in which he walks is beautiful to enter and abide in for a season. In our materialistic age a touch or two of his super-sensuous, "white ideal" may not harm us.

I have, too, been re-reading the "Dunciad," and think it as miserably fine a thing as ever,—an elaborate engine for the torture of those who were only born to die, and who only live because of their agonies aforetime. In one vein it is almost perfect writing, and makes me believe Byron honestly to have admired it as he declared. Such mechanical precision! It is a guillotine sure to have that head, let its wearer draw back and flinch never so much! The gall "trickles like honey from his tongue," as the "fluent nonsense" and "sweet periods" of the orator Henley, he satirizes who of the literary circle of his age was the Pope. So they had their meteoric Irvings and Talmages in that day, who "broke the benches" with the crush of curious throngs, while the "Sherlocks, Hares and Gibsons preached in vain!" In that age our fellow-mortals conducted much as they do now, in all moral and intellectual matters,—making due allowance for change of outward circumstance. The spirit is one; the form is—Proteus. When one gets filled to the brim with sentiment and nature-poetry, and has surfeited on Scott and Byron, Wordsworth and Shelley, Keats and Tennyson, he must go back to Pope for a modicum of his hard and bitter sense. Or Swift will get out a whole "tub" of brine, dirty as salt. There is a tonic, maybe, in the change from so much sweet water; but don't stay in that bath too long!

* * *

FROM MY ACADIAN NOTE BOOK.

Summer is breathing warm through the haze of this autumn day. Like a wounded Antæus, I have touched the sod, out under an apple-tree in the orchard, and healing has come. So has the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED; and while I prop myself against a tree, and snuff the herb we boys called "rocky balm," I divide my attention between its pages and the hills, over hills, that go in search of the Basin. I could not see Blomidon earlier; the mist covered it with a silvery veil. A warm wind creeps over the herby earth, bringing its scents to my nostrils, and right and left, in its pauses, the crickets are singing. I hear the rattle of potatoes falling in the barrel over in the neighbouring field, and see them lying on the fresh-turned-up soil elsewhere. The orchard has thriven in my absence; but those fine old hackmatacks in front of the house are dying from the enmity of worms. * * * We had an unwelcome visitor just after dinner—unwelcome to the mother, but of curious interest to me, who knew her in boyhood. It was poor old Anne K—, the immemorial tramp of Gaspereau mountain. The creature is doubtless miserable,—as who can be coarse, irascible, filthy and rude, and have the madness of a wandering Jew, not being so?

* Reprinted from the November "Canada."

† "Literary Voluptuaries," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

* Introduction to "Marjorie Fleming."



FALLS AT BALA, MUSKOKA.

(W. B. McMurrich, T. A. Photo Association.)

he entered, without salutation, planted herself at the table, announced herself dinnerless and hungry, and stolidly awaited results. She did not bespeak a gracious reception, and was informed she must get along without tea,—being too late for that luxury,—and put up with milk, instead. She gave a sullen assent, as wanting that, with bread therefor, if she could have no better. She ate with a ravenous, animal-like rapidity, arose as if struck, and darted from the door, with a muttered oath at the scantiness of her entertainment. A guest, who turns into linen sheets with muddy skirts and boots, and who curses you for not having fish when you have meat, or for not having meat when you have fish, can hardly be described as agreeable, however you may pity, or wish to relieve her. What use she serves is not known to mortals. A novelist in want of a first-class witch will do well to call round at her cave on Gaspereau mountain.

We give, as the second of the promised sketches of rural character, that of a man, the like of whom we have met, and who sits on the nail-peg in many a village store in the coast-towns of Maine; and whom you, Mr. Editor, may have seen some-where along the St. Lawrence. The author, whom well we know, from many hours of pleasant companionship, is Mr. Lewis Frederick Starratt, of Rockland,—a man so genial, so quaint, so versed in literary lore—particularly German,—that you could not fail to regard him among your treasures.

OLD UNCLE BILLY WHITEMORE.

I call to mind a queer old man,
Whom well I knew in days of yore,—
One in his life esteemed by all,
Whom everybody used to call
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

I doubt not that he once was young,
And wore a frock and pinafore;
But howsoever that may be,
For very many years was he
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

He was a simple-minded man,
Not versed at all in bookish lore,
For slight had been his chance at school,—
And yet not anybody's fool
Was Uncle Billy Whittemore.

A little garden-plot he tilled;
And larger crops each year it bore
Than many younger men will scratch
From off three times as big a patch,—
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

When anybody asked him how
He made it yield such goodly store,
He said while he could use a hoe
He didn't mean that weeds should grow,—
Shrewd Uncle Billy Whittemore.

The world his neighbourhood beyond,
He cared but little to explore;
He followed peace and hated strife,
And loved his children and his wife,—
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

An honest, wholesome life he lived;
He neither gambled, drank, nor swore,—
Unless, indeed, an oath you call
That phrase of his, "Consarn it all!"
Quaint Uncle Billy Whittemore.

He used it when he spilt his milk,
Or when his Sunday clothes he tore,
Or when his neighbours' cattle vexed,
For sadly such mishaps perplexed
Poor Uncle Billy Whittemore.

Throughout the winter evenings long
Before the fire at Thompson's store,
Perched on an old inverted keg,
Or on a stool that lacked a leg,
Sat Uncle Billy Whittemore.

He used to fill the old clay pipe
He smoked a dozen years before,
And then his locofoco match
Across his pantaloons would scratch,—
Our Uncle Billy Whittemore.

And as he smoked, and now and then
Expectorated on the floor,
He heard old tales and gossip new,
Accepting every word as true,—
Plain Uncle Billy Whittemore.

And if a story pleased the rest
He always joined in the *encore*;
And when 'twas time to blow the light,
Straight to his home he went each night,
Good Uncle Billy Whittemore.

But by and by there came a time
He could n't go beyond his door;
And then the doctor shook his head
When people called to him, and said,—
"How's Uncle Billy Whittemore?"

And when, one day, the bell was tolled,
And people counted up four-score;
And still it struck, one, two and three,
Four, five,—then stopped, "Yes, it must be
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore."

Full soon his body to the grave
With quiet tread the neighbours bore.
There many years the grass has grown,
And you may read upon the stone:—
"Here lieth William Whittemore."

* * *

"Now and then, the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end."

We walk in the woods, and the day is shadowy. The bloom and the pageant are past. There is a hush in the air,—a resonance, as of a harp-string tense, whenever there is any slight movement in the woods. There are symptoms of storm,—this intense quiet betokens it. There is a keen tinkle of the brooklet at a distance: a sharp snapping of the withered bough, trodden on, startles. I pause to listen to the beating of a single heart!—there is awe in the sound. Suppose it should suddenly stop! Ah! *then* there would be silence, for then the ear would be dull! A leaf loosens above me, and falls from bough to bough, with a dry rustle. Hark! I think I hear a voice!—a far-away whisper, that comes nearer, as another russet disk floats by my ear: "We all do fade as a leaf." Did someone, indeed, speak! "Even so," echoes "Gentle Will," "my way of life is fall'n into the sere and yellow leaf." Then I remember how he sang of old:

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

And so, echoes the saying, two centuries later, "poor, proud Byron, sad as grave,"—alas!

"My days are in the yellow leaf
The fruit and flower of life are gone."

And along a kindred chord come down in memory the notes of Scottish psalmody and the words John Logan sang:

"Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that paint the field.

"When chill the blast of winter blows
Away the summer flies;
The flowers resign their sunny robes
And all their beauty dies.

"Nipped by the year, the forest fades;
And shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro and streak
The wilderness behind.

And why, in this train, always comes the memory and song of that Acadian minstrel * so much of whose life and poesy seemed set to the rhythm of falling leaves and falling tears, and the sighing and beating of autumnal winds and rains? But so it will come, and I indulge it, and see Rossignol smoothing his wrinkled bosom in wild tranquility, where he has drawn his forests around him; and that lonely slope by Lake Tupper, where he lies, perchance, in an unmarked grave. Again I chant his verses,—so familiar, so sweet, so sad and musical!—

"At morn the dew-drench'd gossamers
Hang sparkling everywhere;
And richer robes the dusky firs
And royal maples wear:
O'er all the woods a rainbow sheen,
Enchanting to the eye,
Matches the rich, relieving green
That vale and plain supply:
But these are withering, day by day,
Before the north wind's breath;—
So this world's glory fades away,
So bright things bow to death!
A fitful sound of spectral wings
Is heard in all our bowers;
It is the dirge the wild wind sings
Above the faded flowers;—
As oft in gloom, 'mid beauty fled,
And glory gone, it grieves,
Like Love beside the early dead,
Among the falling leaves."

So have spoken the poets, great and small. Ah, well! We will be admonished. The conditions of our being are good, without abuse; they will not wholly disappoint, unless we vitiate and embitter them. But who shall extract the worm-wood, if once it be in? We will accept our autumn-tide gracefully whenever it shall come, after an unwasted summer; and let us be as bright, at our falling, as the maple leaf, and gently yield our honours, even as the elm and willow, when our time of frost has come.

PASTOR FELIX.

* John McPherson.

A Touch of Nature.

As an Indian brown, as an Indian rude, as an Indian keen and sly,
His summer home was the forest wide, and his summer tent the sky.
For a score of years or more he had tracked the bear to its tangled den,
And he knew the ways of the wilds full well, but naught of the ways of men.
He had trapped and hunted for game when the bay was hooded with mist and storm,
And he'd dreamed with the stars through the summer nights, when the lake's breath fluttered warm
Through the tasseled boughs of the dreamy pines, running minor chords among
The flowing swells and the rhythmic beats of nature's wordless song.
His thoughts were as knotty and gnarled as his hands, and he deemed it no sin to slay
The red-skinned braves that prowled like wolverines in the wake of his rugged way.
Three times since the break of day had he fired, and thrice had an Indian hold
O'erleaped the bounds of the realms of life into death's arms white and cold.
He knew the avengers were on his trail like hounds on scent of the deer,
But his aim was true and his rifle sure—What then need a hunter fear,
As he deftly bounds o'er the boggy maze and the symbol-circled hill,
And welcomes the draughts of danger as the river welcomes the rill?
When he bent neath the beeches, that bowered a ridge on the crest of a runlet's rim,
He noted a sight that, wild as he was, had terrors for even him.
A young pappoose had toppled o'er the bank to the stream below,
And the dancing ripples were dragging it down to a deadly rapid's flow.
He heard the mother's startled cry as she rushed along the bank,
And he sprang from the shade of his covert dense to a bed of rushes rank,
And thence waded out through mire and ooze, waist deep to the heart of the flood,
When a bullet bored to its billet in his breast with a hollow thud.
With a guttural cry to the God above to shrive his soul from sin,
He strove with all his waning strength the child from the waves to win,
And handing it up to its mother's arms with a ghastly look of pride,
He turned to face the coming foe as hero-like he died.

—CHARLES EDWIN JAKEWAY.

Stayner, Ont.

Lundy's Lane Historical Society.



HIS society was organized in 1887, on June 23rd, the date of Laura Secord's heroic exploit in 1813, seventy-four years before,—a fitting and not unworthy anniversary to be observed as a memorial of one whose holy dust reposes in the cemetery, and by reason of whose bravery the country she loved so devotedly was saved from passing, for even the shortest interval, under a foreign yoke.

It is largely owing to the deep interest the Rector of Stamford and Drummondville, the Rev. Canon Bull, took in the historic surroundings of the parish to which he had so lately been appointed, particularly its cemetery, the ever famous battle-ground of Lundy's Lane, that the Lundy's Lane Historical Society owes its existence.

At the initial meeting on June 23rd, Rev. Canon Bull, M.A., though absent, was elected president, which office he has since held. A warm interest had been awakened in the object of the new society, and the consequence was the enrollment of a long list of members, resident and non-resident.

John A. Orchard, Esq., a resident of Drummondville since before 1837, and an ardent supporter of all things Canadian, is first vice-president, and Mr. Charles Patton, a life-long student of Canadian history, is second vice-president of the society. The corresponding-secretary is the Rev. Canon Houston, M.A., Rector of Niagara Falls, or Clifton, as it was formerly known.

James Wilson, C.E., Park Superintendent at the Falls, is secretary-treasurer at the present date, but this office was first held by M. M. Fenwick, B.A., Principal of the Drummondville High School, and to this gentleman the inception of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society is also largely due. Mr. Wilson, his successor in the office, is likewise full of active zeal in promoting the welfare and purposes of the society.

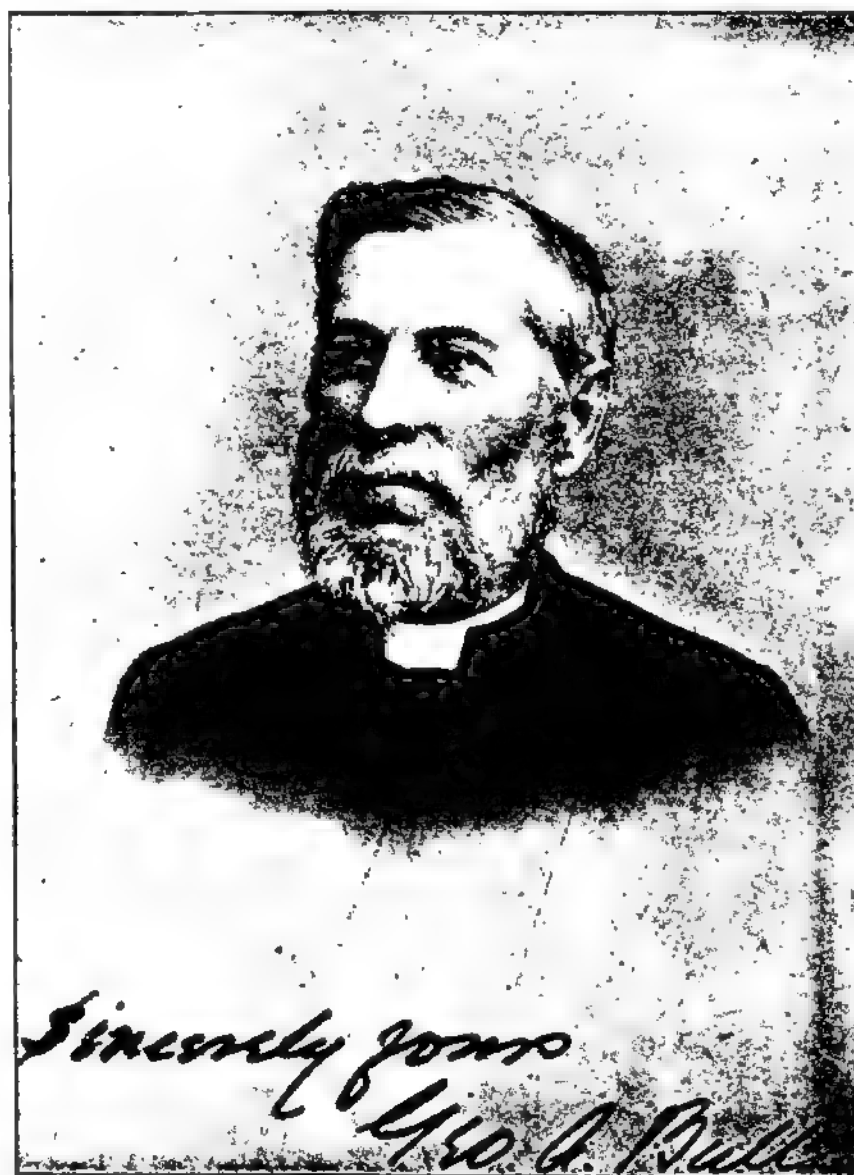
As a society the organization has done an extraordinary amount of work in a quiet, unassuming manner; the amount of official correspondence has been large from the

first, and continues to increase. The president also has been untiring in promoting the objects of the society by gathering together relics, both peaceful and warlike; in answering enquiries from far separated points all over the continent of North America and from England, and in similar efforts in other directions. Family names have been traced to their source, lost records have been discovered, missing links have been supplied, and long separated branches of families have been brought together; indeed this branch of the work done partakes very largely of the romantic.

The transactions proper of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society form an important list of lectures and of valuable papers read at the annual meetings, which function was officially set for the date of the battle of Lundy's Lane, July 25th and has hitherto been a memorable occasion, owing to the object most prominently put forward, or the presence of some notability—the Hon. the Minister of Militia, Sir Adolphe Caron, honouring the meeting by his presence in 1889. Several lectures of great literary and historic value have been delivered under the auspices of the society, particularly three by Ernest Cruikshank, Esq., of Fort Erie, our distinguished historian, namely: "The Battle of Queenston Heights," "The Battle of Lundy's Lane," and "The Battle of the Beechwoods" (Beaver Dams.) These have all been published by the society, and already new editions are called for, which will shortly be issued.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the success of the L. L. H. S. is the fact that several other historical societies have been formed through its influence, and the number of them is obviously increasing year by year.

One of the primary objects of the society, and a most worthy one, which has been already partially accomplished, was the improving and adorning of the cemetery, within the limits of which lie the dead of both sides at peace now—who fall at Lundy's Lane: the bodies of the young hero of Black Rock, Captain Cecil Bisshopp, of Laura Secord, the heroine of Beaver Dams, of Lieut. Patterson, who fell before Fort Erie 17th December, 1814, after serving under Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington in the Penin-



REV. CANON BULL, M.A., R. CTOR OF DRUMMONDVILLE.
President Lundy's Lane Historical Society.



JOHN A. ORCHARD, ESQ.,
Vice-President Lundy's Lane Historical Society.

ular war, and, more remarkable than all, of Capt. Abram Hull, the only son of Gen. Hull, of Detroit fame. This young officer fell at Lundy's Lane and is buried where he fell—upon the very ridge of the hill where the fiercest struggle of that fierce fight took place. His grave was marked by a little headstone, much chipped by visitors from his own land, and, in common with the rest of the cemetery, was a mere mound of weeds. Now, under the care of the L. L. H. S., all is changed, weeds have been removed, gravestones have been steadied, the sward is kept neat, and the inclosure has received a fine simple iron fence with neat wood posts; the bank, on the Lane side, is kept up, a signboard announces the site, and on national occasions the British flag flies from the brow of the hill, and many a small pennant waves over the graves of the ancient and loyal dead, whose descendants, in several instances, are still to be found in the neighbourhood. The annual meeting is always the occasion of a large gathering, not only of loyal and devoted subjects of the Queen, but also of interested visitors from the American side, some of whom have not hesitated to condemn the Madison Government for precipitating an uncalled-for war upon their peaceful neighbour.

A second object of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society is the erection of a monument to the heroes who fell at Lundy's Lane, and also a memorial to be placed on the grave of Laura Secord. The Local Legislature has been petitioned for a small grant for the latter purpose, and the Dominion Government for the former. The Hon. the Minister of Militia has announced that the Government will proceed with the monument to be placed at Lundy's Lane. The Government has not proceeded. The Local Legislature has not yet definitely responded to the petition on behalf of the Laura Secord memorial, which was signed by the foremost among the military men and scholars of Ottawa, Toronto, and other centres, and presented by W. McCleary, Esq., M.P. for Welland. The contributions to the memorial fund have hitherto been received by the county treasurer of Welland, James McGlashan, Esq., but owing to failing sight that gentleman has lately been succeeded in office by Mr. Hobson, to whom donations to the

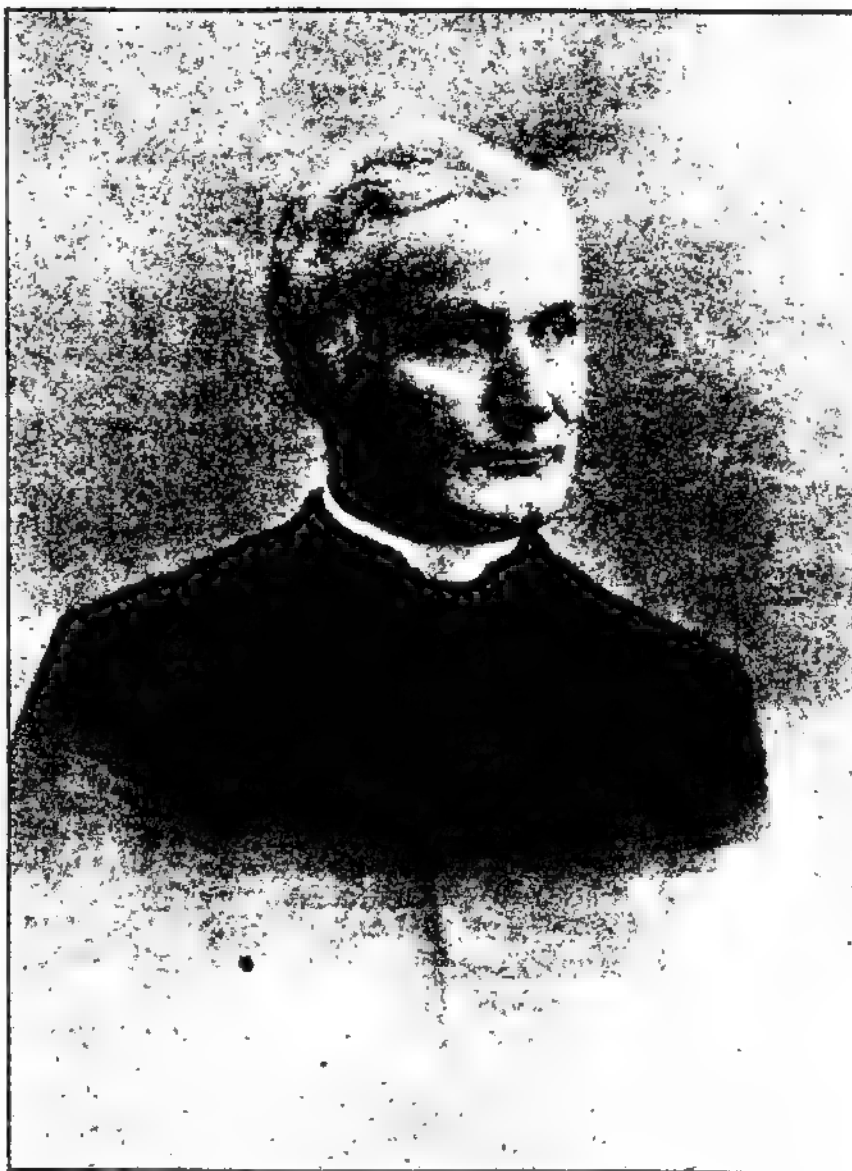
fund should be sent; a by-law having been passed by the County Council of Welland consenting to take charge of such fund, if placed under their care and direction, in conjunction with the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, which, not being incorporated, could not well assume a pecuniary responsibility of such dimensions.

A third and, as the event has proved, a highly important object of the society is to gather together records and relics scattered heedlessly over considerable areas, or the following up of clues in search of historical remains. Of these the Lundy's Lane Historical Society has already formed an important collection.

But a duty fell upon it lately in this connection wholly unexpected, yet, but for it, more than probably to have been neglected or ill-performed. The duty was the re-interment of the mortal remains of eleven soldiers, who fell on the field of Lundy's Lane, and were buried by their comrades beyond the limits of the small cemetery plot that then existed and formed the nucleus of the struggle. The concluding words of the president's address on the solemn occasion will best place the value of historical societies before us, and, therefore needs no apology. "Plainly we see how such a society is most useful and necessary, too, in many ways. On occasions like this, its members, from a spirit of Christianity and patriotism, seek to prevent disrespect to the dead by any vandalism on the part of others; they seek to bestow honour to whom honour is due *in memoriam*, honour to the Christian benefactor, the statesman, patriot, soldier—regular or volunteer. For these, and such as these, promoters and defenders of their country, the Lundy's Lane Historical Society will seek at all times to give honour as far as possible, by inscribing their names, and so perpetuating their memories through succeeding generations in this fair Canada of ours."

Nor is this the only instance of similar duty. The remains of Col. Butler, the founder of Butler's Rangers, whose vault had been shamefully violated, are, through the intervention of the Niagara Historical Society, to be laid within the sacred enclosure of St. Marks, at Niagara, in which patriotic and holy office the Lundy's Lane Historical Society will bear a part.

S. A. C.



REV. CANON HOUSTON,
Corresponding-Secretary Lundy's Lane Historical Society.



The Russian Craze—Real Russian Shirts —In re Nurses—Cold Winds.



HE Russian craze that has set in with French people ever since the visit of their fleet to Cronstadt is making itself especially felt in all matters connected with costume. I paid a visit, the other day, to Madame Nicolle's, in New Bond street, London, having heard by special intimation that the amiable proprietress had returned from Paris with endless novelties. You must know that to be quite in French fashion nowadays you must be also quite Russian, a thing that is not altogether acceptable to English feelings. However, unlike the Muscovite policy the fashions are not



aggressive; and beyond the moujik hat, which is hideous, and the much be-furred dresses, there is little to remind one of the Czar's land or people in the so-called Russian toilettes. Sitting in Madame Nicolle's charming boudoir establishment, I interviewed a green velvet dress that I particularly commend to the notice of my kind readers as a pretty model for a comfortable winter dress. The skirt was distinctly *fourreau* in shape, the hem bordered with two rows of beaver fur about an inch wide. The border ran up the left side, where the skirt appeared to be buttoned over with furry buttons.

The bodice was a close-fitting jacket, the basque of which was cut into long tabs edged all round with beaver fur. The front opened in V shape, showing a *guimpe* of embroidered cream flannel, a rather wide collar of the same being turned back at the neck. This also appeared as under sleeves, issuing from those of green velvet, similarly banded with fur as on the hem of the skirt. A dainty cap of green velvet, rather like a Scotch bonnet, edged with fur and adorned with a stiff pen feather to match the beaver in colour, was worn on the head, whilst a muff of the same, quite as dainty and pretty, completed the whole toilette.

Real Russian shirts are, I think, very pretty, at least there are two kinds, the worked muslin chemisette or blouse, worn by the Russian peasant women, and the real tunic or shirt that all the little boys and men wear. This, except that it has to be slipped over the head, is quite pretty and suitable to ladies, and to my mind, smarter looking than many an ordinary blouse. You will see one here which may be made in any bright coloured cashmere, serge or flannel. It has a straight neck band fastening at the left side, from which runs down another that ends off as squarely. This forms the opening for the head to come through. The bands have a



line of narrow Russia gold braid laid near each edge, and loops of it fasten the band of the neck and side band to the six little round gold buttons. I have made the rather full sleeve gathered into a similarly trimmed band at the waist, instead of the loose open one generally worn by Muscovite children. The belt worn with this kind of skirt in Russia is generally leather, but it is quite as often a similar band of the material like the rest, or a band of gold lace. If the basque of the shirt is worn outside the skirt, it should be trimmed with a band of the material similar to those on the bodice. This little garment is exceedingly useful and pretty for little girls and boys, as it is so perfectly easy and comfortable. Boys wear knickerbockers with it and little high-top boots, the top being of crimson leather. There is a curious fashion in Russia of putting a little gusset or square patch under the sleeve, of a different coloured material to that of the shirt. Thus you will see to a scarlet shirt white gussets under the arms, to yellow, violet, to dark-blue, yellow or white. The colours of the shirts and knickerbockers worn by children are very bright and gay, and picturesque. The most usual is the scarlet-gold trimmed shirt of silk or cachemire, with black velvet knickerbockers, or yellow satin shirt with violet nether garments, dark-blue silk trimmed with silver braid, with crimson satin knickerbockers and so on. But you may make them of any material and colour, provided they are properly cut, and trimmed with gold or silver braid.

In re nurses. I have received a letter which (I hope that it is not a sign of great density to say) I confess I do not understand. Perhaps my kind readers will prove cleverer than I am—so I give it verbatim. It is entitled "An advice to nurses," though I do not see exactly where the advice comes in. "At certain times of the year there is little or no nursing, and either too much at one time and too little at another. Would it not be well for women to learn all kinds of nursing before going into Simpson's Hospital (Edinburgh) for monthly nursing, three months is not enough for a great

many. They give £4 4s. for lectures, and between at least £7 and £8 for staying in a hospital, etc., attending the patients in it gets a diploma and certificate, comes out grand in their way after being told it is grand work by the medical men, filling their pockets continually, and no work for months and months, so many bribed its paying (*sic*) that scores has to give it up, why not learn medical nursing also, when the doctors send to the institutions for nurses who pay nothing. They get a fee and board learning, and the woman that has given £10 to £12 nothing, and many others to help besides herself. Paid nurses should rebel doctors getting money and not sending for them. Let private nurses have an office, and their names in it where they will be found, medical men makes more money lecturing, as a rule, than by private practice—W." I am sorry for poor "W," she seems labouring under some real or imaginary grievance, and would fain save her sister nurses from the same. But she does not seem to know that all certificated nurses *must* learn various kinds of medical nursing in hospitals for (I think it is) three years, before they are qualified to get their certificate, and be employed by doctors as a trustworthy nurse. This means going from the bottom rung of the ladder, in sweeping floors and cleaning lockers, up to the care and management of very complicated cases. "W" is right to advise all nurses to learn all kinds of nursing, for they cannot be a nurse without going through this training, and no one would think of employing any that were not certificated, as it is the only guarantee of their competency. To attend a limited number of lectures and patients does not constitute a nurse. It is after going through the regular hospital training, and getting the certificate of being thoroughly qualified that a woman is able to be the right hand of a medical man, and no doctor would be justified in employing any other. That there is a great deal of jobbing between doctors and nurses, I have frequently heard, but that is one of the dark sides of the medical profession, like its trade unionism and many other unworthy things which I need not mention here. Nurses can, if qualified, always join one of the establishments, such as the Nurses' Co-operative Institution in London (that I mentioned in one of my January letters), where they get all their own earnings, and pay only seven-and-a-half per cent. towards the expenses of the office, but then they have to entirely provide for themselves. At the Bond Street Home and Institution they are paid £30 a year, and have a home to come to at the end of any trying case, where they can rest.

Cold winds are about us now, and, as we gradually sink into the bleak days of winter, I may utter a warning word to those who suffer much from chapped hands, faces, or chilblains. I shall probably repeat what I have written before to a certain extent, because the advice I then gave will hold good now. As long as you are fortunate enough to possess soft water for your ablutions, you need only be careful to thoroughly dry your hands or your face, and when they seem determined to remain damp, finish them off by rubbing them with a piece of flannel. This is very good also, for people afflicted with chilblains. I think that the last may be obviated to a great extent, if a little trouble is taken about them. If such people, instead of tolerating cold hands and feet, will take means by frequent rubbing to *keep* their hands warm, they will not have these painful and unpleasant things. It is only when the blood is allowed to get entirely sluggish by prolonged cold, that they are the result. A slow circulation runs hand-in-hand with a slow liver, and if you attend to both you will not have chilblains. For chapped hands, as before, I recommend the use of boro-glyceride, or if very bad, glycerine jelly. For the face the same. No pomades, creams, or ointments heal as these do, and they may be used by persons with the tenderest skin, who are usually afraid of plain glycerine for the stinging effect it produces. Those thus endowed should be careful to avoid all transparent soaps. Any form of pure oatmeal soap is the best, or indeed, any kind that has not much soda in it. I personally prefer Yardley's, as the meal in it is quite perceptible, and it is very emollient to hands and face. But the great and most important thing is soft water,—rain-water in fact. This however, is an almost unattainable luxury in towns, and if you do manage to get it it is generally very smutty, and smells strongly of soot. I always put half a teaspoonful of Maignen's Anti-Calcaire powder into my jug of cold water at night, and in the morning I have the softest of lovely soft water for washing. This powder throws down all the lime in the water to the bottom of the jug, and the soft water may be poured off, if done carefully, without disturbing the sediment below.



A DISTANT VIEW OF YALE, B.C.



TORONTO, 27th November 1891.

WE have had the great pleasure and honour of a visit from Sir Edwin Arnold. The poet was the guest of Professor Goldwin Smith, whom he calls "teacher and friend," and referring to whom he said, "I am sufficient of an Orientalist to regard with reverence and awe next to my parents, my teachers." It were well if young Canada were a little Oriental too, in this particular.



Sir Edwin Arnold is a handsome man, looking much younger than his sixty years, but his residences in the East have darkened his complexion very perceptibly. His fine manners captivated his audience, which was composed of the most intellectual portion of our citizens, with notably a few exceptions who had duties elsewhere.

The great poet was his own best interpreter, and gave to his words a force and meaning which none but an Oriental scholar like himself could impart. It is a revelation to hear him.

His evident emotion while expressing his delight at being again on British soil and in a country with such a future as Canada, put the speaker *en rapport* with his audience who were evidently well pleased with his loyalty to Britain.

The Ontario Society of Artists gave the first of a series of entertainments and lectures for the present season in the Art Rooms this week. During the evening Mr. Oliver H. Howland delivered an address on the "Advancement of Art in Ontario." The main issue of his theme was, however, the need of an Art Gallery for the Province, with which should be combined conveniences for a museum and auditorium. The site of the now idle old Upper Canada College buildings was the speaker's choice and is also that of many others.

It is felt that a fine piece of land belonging to the Government, placed on the main street and near the centre of the city, should not, in the interest of the future as of the present, be allowed to be sold like a common corner lot for building purposes. Toronto has few enough sites available for public uses, and the chance of securing them are growing smaller every year.

Hon. O. Mowat's letter to Mr. McKay, of Woodstock, in the Solomon White annexation meeting, gives great satisfaction to all classes of politicians here. It is a manly avowal of a high patriotism, full of confidence in the country, and wise prevision of its future; it is in short a letter that a Premier ought to write, and draw to him the confidence of the people.

A match for the letter may be found in the introduction to a volume, "Maple Leaves," just issued by the Toronto National Club, of which I have been favoured with a copy. The introduction is written by Mr. Barlow Cumberland, the president, and is a most striking document. Not only is it virile and patriotic to a degree, but it is full of thoughts which throw a new light upon our national life.

The idea which strikes one most strongly is contained in the following, which is at once an answer to another introduction to a book which teaches a very different doctrine, namely, "Canada," by Professor Goldwin Smith, and also places our geographical conceptions of our country in a new light. Mr. Cumberland says: "The trade geography of a country does not, in modern times, depend upon the natural channels which nature has created, but upon the mechanical channels which commercial energy has constructed."

As an exemplification of what he means Mr. Cumberland goes on to say, "Take the wheat and corn bearing zones in the United States to the south of this central Canada; the Mississippi and Missouri rivers are their natural channels of exit, and upon lines running north and south were conducted their first and natural lines of trade. But railway construction has completely changed all these natural laws, and laying tracks athwart these rivers' courses has changed the flow of trade from being north and south to become a movement east and west."

Further "The geographical contour of Canada, in being set out on one long line from east to west, is thus not a de-

triment but a distinct advantage. It concentrates our forces along the continental east and west lines of trade geography and makes the Eastern portion of our people the complement of the West." * * * As if further to help our mechanical channels Nature has given us the only coal beds upon the seaboard at either end, and plumped another right in the middle to make the motive fuel power complete."

The term "Trade geography" opens up such a new field of thought, gives one the key to our country's situation so completely that one is grateful to the able writer for so epitomising a new study.

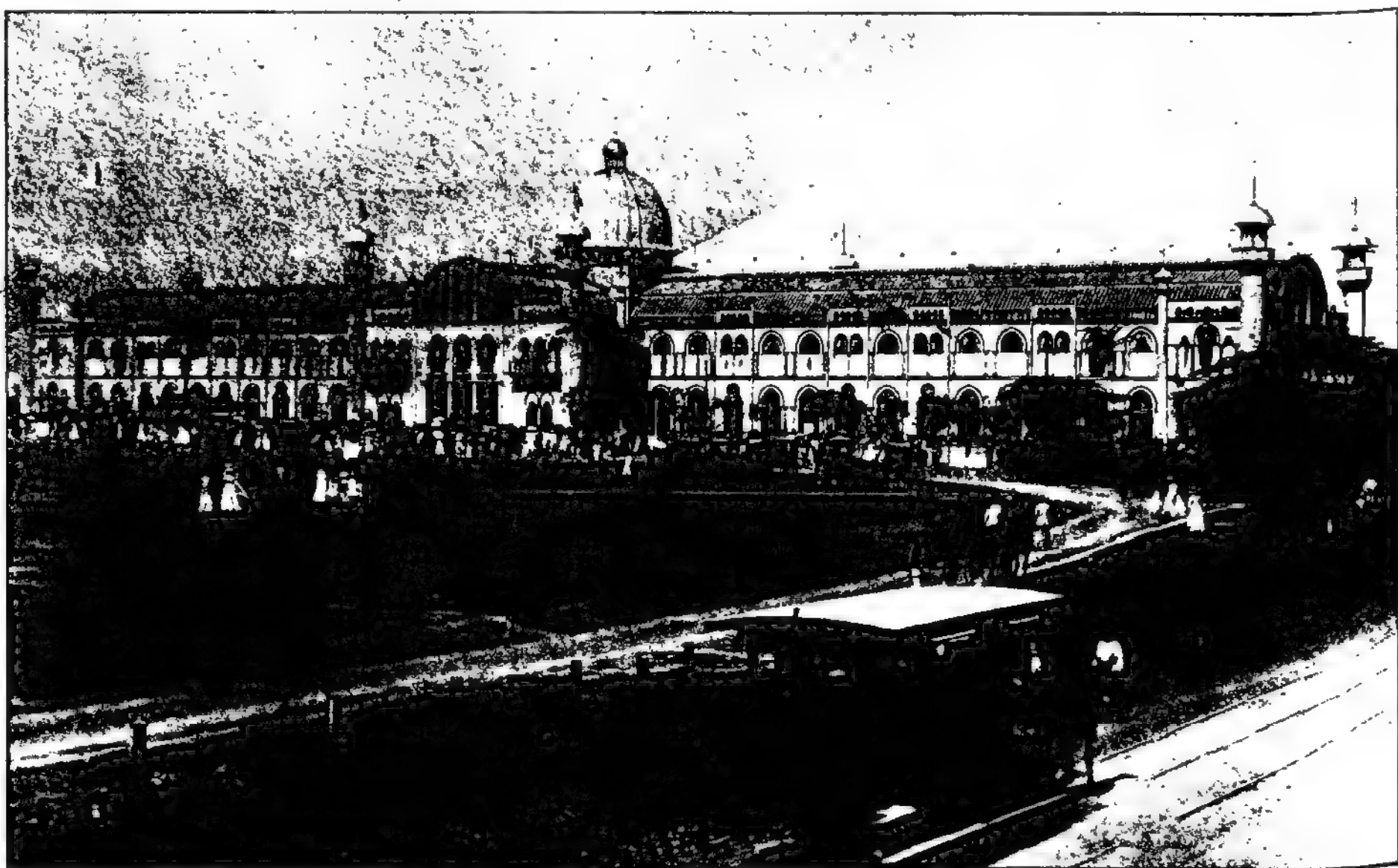
And so too in Canadian physical geography valuable considerations are thrust upon us. "In Europe or even here upon the Eastern side of America, to go northwards is to go to the region of greater cold. * * * Move but to the centre of our continent, start from the cyclone and storm-swept fields of Dakota and Minnesota, and to go north is to go to the region of greater warmth. Leaving the elevated plateau of these southward States the river waters all drain north and follow into Canada the decreasing altitude of the inner slopes; the Isothermal lines, marking the lines of equal temperature, spread boldly up and meet far north the soft Chinook winds which find their way from the Pacific shores around the lessened ranges of the intervening heights."

But to go on quoting telling points in this Introduction would be to give it all; suffice one of them, "Canada has come upon this Continent to stay, and Canadians mean to grow into a nation."

I shall try to refer to the papers following Mr. Cumberland's introduction in a future letter. One of the titles strikes me, "The Commercial Marine of Canada." We scarcely as yet recognise that we have a marine, but the Briton takes to water like a duck and we shall have a great one yet.

A beautiful poem by Dr. Jakeway, of Stayner, appears in the *Orillia Packet* of Nov. 27. It is entitled "An Unfinished Prophecy," and tells in tragic numbers the story of a young Indian brave and the girl of his love, who, seeking unknown to each other the aid of one of their own wise women, are just about to be made happy by her prophecy when the Iroquois fall upon them "and seeress, lovers, all were dead."

S. A. CURZON.



VIEW OF MAIN BUILDING, JAMAICA EXHIBITION.

JAMAICA EXHIBITION BUILDING.

As seen from the bay the above bears a resemblance to a semi-Moorish building, and, in certain details, to the well-known Crystal Palace at Sydenham, London. Its size, appearance and huge dome make it a prominent landmark.

That same afternoon I made it my first visit. Its great size, extent and classic proportions grew on me as I neared it. The approaches are pretty and convenient—tram and carriage ways on both sides. Opposite the main entrance—the latter in its arm of building making a cross—are two flag-staffs. One bears the flag of Old England, and on the other floats the Royal Standard, the latter a souvenir of the opening day, January 27th, when H.R.H. Prince George of Wales opened the Jamaica Exhibition with great *éclat*.

Within the entrance, to the right and left, are offices of the managerial department, and facing one the turnstiles, guards, &c., and just beyond the full beauty of the scene meets one. The main building is 510 feet long by a breadth of 81. It is cruciform in shape. Over the central section rises the Moorish dome, so familiar to all travellers on the Spanish Main and in Spain. It is 114 feet high, and the minarets are 74 feet high. Once within, the long central aisles or passage ways are seen extending 510 feet. They run due east and west, and between them, or in the exact centre of the long axis of the building, are the exhibits from almost everywhere. On the right and left of these aisles, under the vast galleries, are the side courts, or alcoves, likewise filled to repletion with exhibits. Over the latter are the galleries or balconies, likewise extending due east and west for 510 feet; end galleries connect them, giving an all-around promenade, either on their inner or outer aspects. From within a magnificent view is obtained. Looking outwards, are the grounds and Exhibition buildings; they are backed by the Blue Mountains. These balconies have added greatly to the space for exhibits and wall space. Literally there was not a foot to spare. The wall exhibits alone occupied thousands of feet. Over the central portion rises the arch, making the roof. Its centre is about seventy feet above the main floor. Apart from the great dome, at the end and sides of the main building (for there

are several), there are several pretty minarets of the true Spanish type, or, to be strictly accurate, of the Moorish type left in Spain, and since reproduced everywhere. From them, and flagstuffs innumerable, floated the flags of the great nations of the earth. By night the minarets were illuminated by powerful electric lights, as was the building within, when the combined effect from the lamps, coloured glass, &c., was indescribably fairy-like and grand. The building without was painted in tints pleasing to the eye, and that added to its effectiveness. Its lines are beautifully proportioned, the whole blending in a lasting picture of architectural grace and Asiatic luxury. The view from the front of the building was attractive, and there mental photographs without number could be made by simply looking in one direction or the other.

Now for a very brief and imperfect sketch of the interior: On a perfect tropic morning I took a chair and sat me down on the eastern balcony, near the office of the Canadian Commissioner, Mr. Adam Brown. Below me, on a scroll extending across the point of the gallery, one reads:—

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Over that eastern gallery floated a chaste banner, inspiring to all Canadians. On a field of pure white were the arms of the Dominion; and below, the following inscription:

CANADA.

Britain's Premier Colony Welcomes the Grandson of Britain's Sovereign.

This proud and accurate inscription was supported by the flags of great Britain and the Dominion, bannerets, festoons of flowers, &c., an effective background to the whole being the glass end of the eastern balcony. Sitting there, below and beyond me was the following vista or scene—but I must anticipate my effort at description by stating that it will end in a mere attempt; my doing justice to that fairy-like and poetic picture is simply impossible. No mere word-painting can convey an accurate idea of the beauty of the scene, in the early and clear light of a tropical morning. Below, was the main floor, extending, as I have already stated, over five hundred feet. The aisles below that were broad—they nar-

rowed into mere lines in the far distance. The whole central part was divided into courts, as they are termed in exhibition parlance, and allotted to various countries. Those near were the Dominion of Canada, Scotland, Italy, Germany, the British West Indies, &c.

The whole was intersected at short intervals of space by passageways connecting with the main aisles, flanking the central exhibits. Equi-distant from my viewing ground and the western end was the short arm of the cross—to which I have already referred—or the miniature cruciform feature of the building. There, in the exact centre, in the Jamaican court, graceful palms in all their exuberant tropical health and beauty formed a fitting *entourage* to two fine oil paintings of Our Gracious Queen and that great and good man, the late Prince Consort.

On the particular day to which I refer a part of the floral exhibition was in the central part, or Jamaican court. The variety was endless and beautiful; a real tropical flower-show alone would repay a visit to Jamaica. There was surfeit of Dame Nature's choicest offerings, clad in tints and hues all her own.

On the right and left of the central aisles, or the long axis of the building, are the sides extending under the galleries. Down a series of graceful arches the space seemed to resolve itself into distinct alcoves or courts. The heads of the columns forming them were covered with flags, bannerets and scrolls, and over many of them were festoons of artificial flowers. All the courts were crowded with exhibits, so great had been the demand for space.

Above all these, and on the level where I sat attempting to make a fair mental photograph of the beautiful vistas about me, were the galleries, likewise broken into courts or alcoves by the same happy arches of the true Spanish type. Their columns and capitals were also decorated. Not a single harsh or inartistic effect was anywhere discernible.

The building is built wholly of wood and glass. It is painted within of light tints. Huge flags, bannerets, scrolls, &c., hung from the roof, Chinese lanterns and electric lights by night flashed everywhere, and a thousand and one things produced an artistic picture. It was a poem of the true tropical variety, ever varying, ever pleasant to the eye and senses—a wealth of colour on which the eyes rested gladly and contentedly. In short, it was one of those things that have to be seen to have justice done them, and when seen,

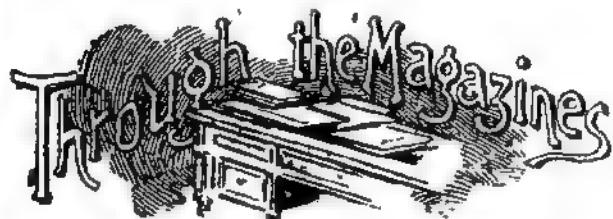
are to be studied and impressed on one's inner "memory of memories," a beautiful picture to be carried away into the great and busy life beyond:

'A thing of beauty and a joy forever'

Dr. Wolfred Nelson.

HON. ADAM BROWN.

The portrait of the Honorary Commissioner to Jamaica appears below; it is from a photograph by MacPherson, of Kingston, Jamaica, and was taken in the dress Mr. Brown usually wore in the tropics. It is an excellent likeness of the indefatigable Commissioner. Mr. Brown was appointed to take charge of Canada's interests on the 18th July, 1890, and from that day onward he was constantly at work. The result of his labours was a complete success. Canada made a splendid exhibit, and a large trade is now being done between Canada and the British West India Islands—all the outcome of the exhibit made by Canada at the exhibition and the keeping of Canada constantly before the people of Jamaica. Mr. Brown deserves well of the country for what he has accomplished.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE FOR 1892.

This standard periodical, founded in 1844, has nearly reached its jubilee. Its success is as remarkable as its age. A weekly magazine, it gives over three and a quarter thousand large and well-filled pages of reading-matter—forming four large volumes—every year. Its frequent issue and ample space enable it to present with freshness and completeness the ablest essays, reviews and criticisms, the choicest stories, the most interesting sketches of travel and discovery, the best poetry, and the most valuable biographical, historical, scientific, and political information from the entire body of foreign periodical literature, and from the pens of the most eminent living writers. As the only satisfactorily complete compilation of the best current literature, it is invaluable in these busy times. It easily enables its readers to keep abreast with the literary and scientific progress of the age and with the work of the foremost writers of the time. The subscription price (\$8 a year) is low for the amount of reading furnished, while the publishers make a still cheaper offer, viz.: to send *The Living Age* and any one of the American four-dollar monthlies or weeklies, a year, both postpaid, for \$10.50; thus furnishing to the subscriber at small cost the cream of both home and foreign literature. To any subscriber desiring to take more than one other periodical in connection with *The Living Age*, the publishers will forward clubbing-rates on application. They also offer to send to all new subscribers for the year 1892, remitting before January 1st, the weekly numbers of 1891 issued after the receipt of their subscriptions, *gratis*. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

The December number closes the thirty-fourth volume of this magazine, which has been described as "an ideal family monthly." It is of special interest to all Methodist readers. The announcement for 1892 embraces twelve papers on India, with one hundred and thirty engravings, and a series of handsomely illustrated papers by the Editor, which will describe his travels in Egypt as far as Nubia, through Palestine and Syria, in Asia, Turkey and Greece; also several illustrated papers on "Picturesque China," on "Eastern Europe," "Roumania," "Bulgaria," etc. Special attention will be given to "Social Reform" topics, and strongly-written Temperance stories, "A Woman's Fight with the Monster," "The Man-Trap," "Crawford's Sair Strait," by Mrs. Barr; "Recreations in Astronomy," ten papers, by Bishop Warren, and other Science papers; Methodist Topics and General Literature, making up a fine programme. William Briggs, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Taken all together the December *Atlantic* does not seem quite as interesting as usual; perhaps we expect too much in a December number now-a-days. Miss Repplier's paper on "The Praises of War" is, however, a remarkably brilliant article, with a vigorous masculine touch as befits such a subject. A strongly patriotic sentiment pervades the paper; at times the lines flash out like the echoes of a trumpet-call. Another article that will be widely read is one on "Richard

the Third," by the late James Russell Lowell,—an essay which some years ago was read at Chicago, but has never before been printed. A valuable paper is that by Professor Allen on "The Transition of New England Theology,"—a subject of much interest, but which has had comparatively little attention. Mr. James' odd story, "The Chaperon," is continued, while Miss Bradley writes a short tale of Italian life. The "Contributor's Club" is, as usual, full of interest. In poetry the number is rather weak. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

An Interesting Centennial.

An event of some historical interest was the centennial of the ordination of the Rev. Frederic Dibble, which was observed at Woodstock, New Brunswick, on October 26. The Rev. Frederic Dibble was the son of the Rev. Ebenezer Dibble, D.D., who for fifty-one years, from 1748 to 1799, was rector of St. John's church, Stamford, Conn. The Rev. Ebenezer Dibble was one of the Connecticut men who, prior to the revolution, imbued with the importance of the validity of Holy Orders, crossed the ocean, amidst peril and hardship, to seek and obtain that true ordination which was then denied to British subjects on American soil. Through the troublous times incident to the throwing off of the English yoke Dr. Dibble, though espousing the cause of the mother country, was revered and unmolested. After the independence of the States was accomplished he still retained his post; and remained in charge of the parish of Stamford until his death. He was one of the ten clergy who attended the notable meeting at Woodbury in 1783, which resulted in sending Dr. Seabury to Scotland for consecration. His son Frederic, however, joined the band of loyalists who left Connecticut and settled in Woodstock, N. B., in 1783. Being without spiritual ministrations and warmly attached to the Church this band of loyalists prevailed upon the younger Dibble to entertain the prospect of becoming their clergyman. Accordingly, in October, 1791, Mr. Dibble pro-

ceeded to St. John, N. B., by canoe, there being no roads in the province at that early period. At St. John he took passage in a schooner for Halifax, N. S., and was one of the earliest candidates to be ordained by the Rt. Rev. Chas. Inglis, first Bishop of Nova Scotia, formerly rector of Trinity church, New York. Of this event the centennial has just been held in Mr. Dibble's first and only charge; for returning to Woodstock after his ordination he remained there in charge of a mission embracing an area of one hundred and fifty miles, until his death in 1826. Mr. Dibble has one grandson in the ministry, the Rev. Canon Ketchum, of St. Andrew's, N.B.; also two great grandsons, the Rev. Horace Dibble, of Margerville, N.B., and the Rev. C. J. Ketchum, of Boston, Mass.—*The Churchman*.

A Too Warm Embrace.

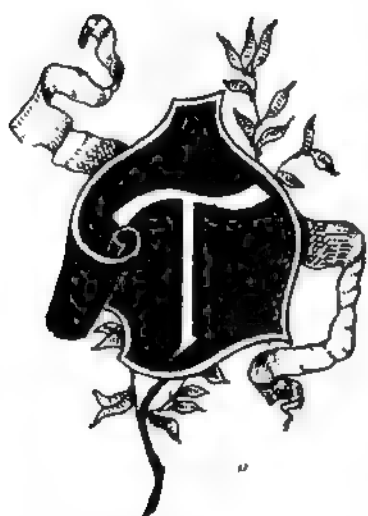
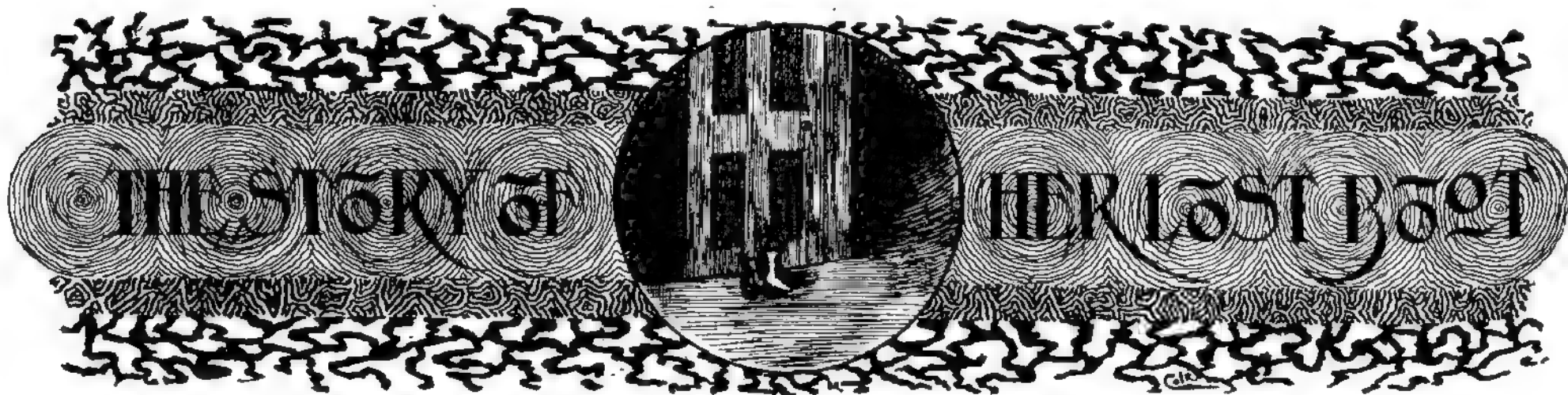
A new terror has been developed here in the case of Miss Emma Bowers, a winsome brunette. For some days she has suffered from a supposed attack of pleurisy, but when Dr. S. F. Bordman was called in he found that one of the young lady's ribs was broken. After much questioning the girl blushing admitted that her best beau, George Gerrick, had inflicted the injury while giving her his usual tender embrace before parting last Friday night.—*Indiana special to Philadelphia Record*.

A Sharp Retort.

One of Mr. Arthur Balfour's brothers, being an ardent apostle of the æsthetic school, was once discussing the subject of art culture with Lord Salisbury. Finding the Prime Minister anything but responsive to his theories, he observed:—"I am afraid, uncle, you are a sad Philistine." "In that case," Lord Salisbury responded, "I am not the first who has suffered from the jawbone of an ass."



HON. ADAM BROWN, HONORARY COMMISSIONER, REPRESENTING THE DOMINION OF CANADA AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, JAMAICA, 1891



HERE, Dick," in a cautious whisper, "that's the last pair," and the speaker suppressed a chuckle.

"Yes, the last pair," came the muttered response, "and you bet the air will be blue to-morrow, Hal, when half the people in this corridor miss the morning train, because they can't find their boots," and an unholy joy overspread the countenance of him yclept "Dick."

"But, I say——"

"Well, what?"

"What about our own, Dick?"

"Our own? What do you mean?"

"Why, to-morrow morning when everyone else on this

it's nearly two. Certainly we've earned a night's repose, as they say in poetry," and he glanced over his shoulder at the long row of doors on either side of the corridor, outside nearly every one of which stood various kinds of foot-gear in pairs like double sentries.

Ten minutes afterwards these two mischievous school-boys, going home for the Christmas holidays, were sound asleep, never dreaming, if dreaming at all, how far-reaching would be the result of their night's escapade.

December's gray dawn overspread London and filtered through one of the windows of the Great Northern Hotel. It shed its watery light on a young man who was making frantic efforts to dress quickly.

"What an idiot I was to tell Jack I would come by this train," he muttered, as his cold, stiffened fingers wrestled with his collar-button.

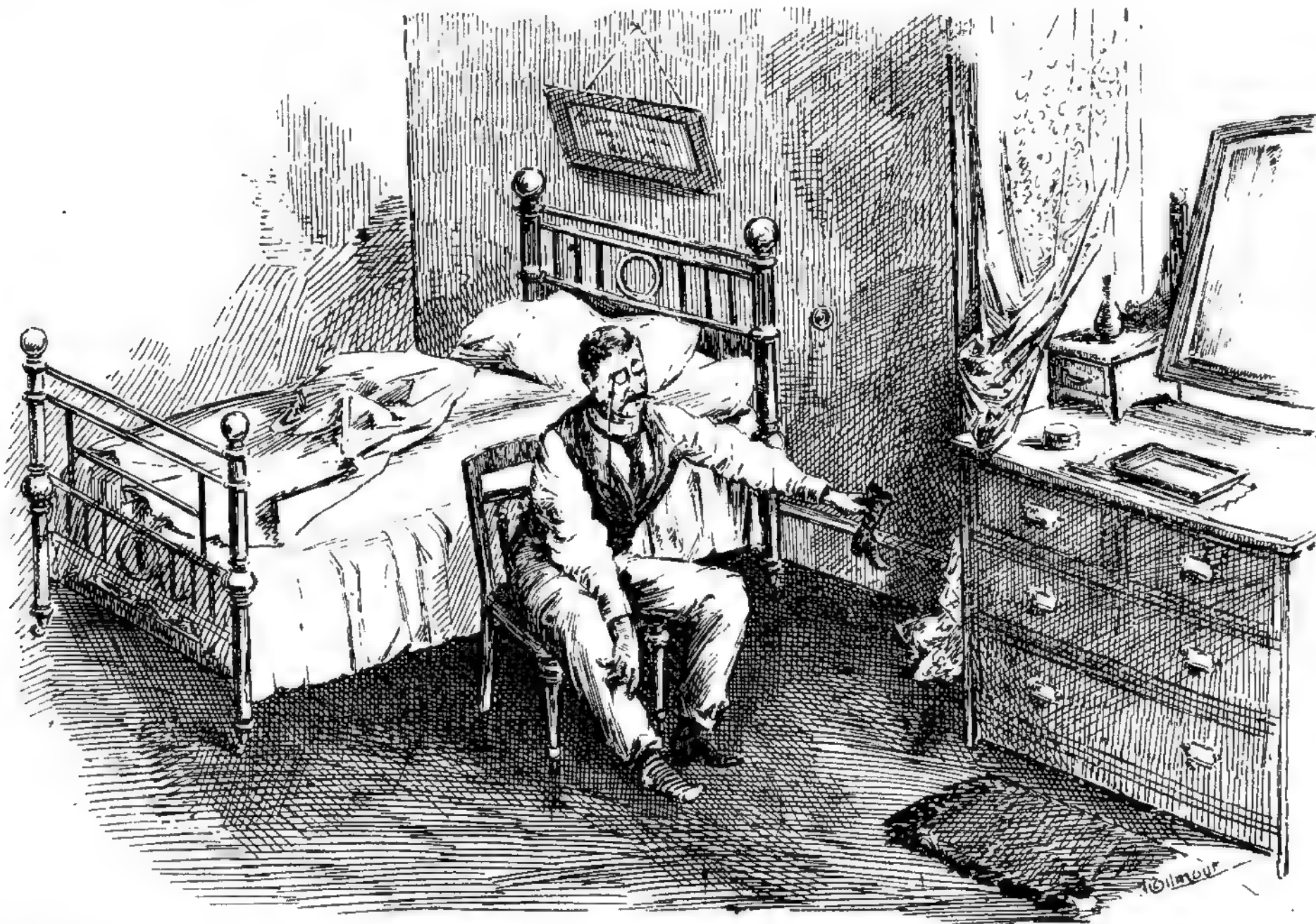
"Wish I had gone straight on last night, instead of stopping over to see a stupid play. However, it can't be helped now. I'll hurry my dressing and get to breakfast,—it's horribly cold and dark up here."

pain. It was enough to make him angry, but being a young man, blessed with a happy disposition, he quickly recovered his temper.

"As I have forgotten my slippers," he went on, "I had better get on my boots at once, or I may light upon a pin or a tack next. Fortunately I remembered to put them outside last night. Nuisance, this travelling without James." He crossed the room, opened the door, and picked up the boots lying there faintly visible in the dim light.

"Always said Hornby was the only man who could make boots," he murmured complacently, as he shut the door again. "These last he made are the lightest I ever had, and a splendid fit, too."

Whistling softly to himself, he sat down on the detested rocking chair, and prepared to don the much prized boots. His left foot was duly encased in Hornby's matchless covering, and the well satisfied young man, proceeding to the like adornment of his right foot, picked up the other boot. Then his jaw dropped—and so did the boot. He stared at the latter for an astonished moment, rubbed his eyes fiercely and stared at it again. He picked it up, turned it over, then



flat find their boots changed, and only we two have ours all right, we'll look pretty——"

"You Duffer! Why, we'll be off from here long before most of these people are awake. Our train leaves a few minutes after six. We had better turn in now for some sleep; we will need all we can get between this and then—"

Unfortunately, in his hasty movements he tripped over a rocking chair and whacked his foot sharply against the grate.

"Confound it," he ejaculated, "what do they have such chairs lying round for; useless things," and he hopped about on one foot, waving the other energetically, to relieve the

striding to the window held the perplexing boot to the light and once more gazed solemnly at it.

Captain Fritz Hill was tall, not less than six feet, and his limbs were in proportion. His left foot reposed at that minute in a No. 9, which it filled with comfort and capacity; but the boot the Captain held in his hand, intended (?) for

his right foot, and the completion of Hornby's glory,—
 "Why,—why it wouldn't go over my hand," he exclaimed, "and it buttons!" In sheer amazement the Captain again dropped it on the floor.

"How on earth did it get outside my door," he reflected, "and where," in sudden alarm, "is my own boot? Some stupidity of the porter's, I suppose; they seem generally to be employed on the strength of their idiocy. I haven't too much time now," looking at his watch, "and if my boot is not found pretty smartly I'll miss my train."

Irritation by this time possessed the Captain's soul, and kicking the intrusive buttoned boot out of his way, he marched over to the bell rope and assaulted it with great vigour.

The "Boots" (not Hornby's make) appeared in answer to his ring, to know what "he could do for the gentleman?"

"Look here," said the Captain, crossly, "who put these boots back at my door after they were brushed?"

"I did, sir," said "Boots."

"Then what do you mean by not putting back my boots?"

"Beg pardon, sir."

"There," said the Captain, grabbing up the buttoned boot—"there, that boot was left outside my door last night with one, only one, of my own boots. The quicker you take it back where it belongs and bring me my own property, the better for you."

"Yes, sir. I'll see about it at once, sir. There's been a mistake, sir," with which unnecessary remark the man disappeared. Presently he came back looking dismal.

"I've been down the ole corridor, both sides, sir, and all the boots 'as been mixed hup; and, what's wuss, sir, the numbers is rubbed off the soles, and 'ow I'm to match 'em again I don't know. It's a 'oax, that's what it is—a 'oax; but I picked up this one as I passed one of the doors, for it struck me as bein' like the one you 'as on your foot, now, sir," and he held out a boot that would have given Hornby & Co. the ague.

"That—that my boot!" stormed the incensed Captain, "how dare you say my boots look like that. Here," pulling off the boot he had on, "take that, and don't bring it back without the mate to it; and you had better look sharp. I leave here in half an hour, and if I miss my train I'll complain of you at the office and get you dismissed," and thus saying, he slammed the door in the porter's face.

Left to himself the Captain's rage, never at any time very lasting, dwindled rapidly. He felt ashamed, which was as it should be. He had certainly been unjust; of course it was not the man's fault. It was not likely that he would mix up forty odd pairs of boots for the pleasure of unmixing them—that was plainly absurd. Suddenly his eyes fell on the stray "buttoned" boot, which the porter had forgotten to take away, and which still lay on the floor. How small it was. The Captain picked it up—a woman's boot, evidently. A little shabby, perhaps, but such a pretty shape. Round the top ran a narrow purple ribbon, stamped "Rivoli & Co., Penton." A woman's boot—how arched the instep, how neat the ankle it must have fitted. Poor little boot! How he had banged it about, as though it could help finding itself outside his door. The Captain felt like a brute. Presently he glanced from it to his own feet, which, though well shaped, were rather on the heroic scale, and in their red silk socks stood out bravely—and largely—in the dim light. Then he looked at the vagrant boot again; and then he roared with laughter. Outside in the corridor, the now thoroughly bewildered porter heard the sound tremblingly.

He mistook it for a roar of remonstrance at his own tardiness, and he spurred himself to fresh efforts. The Captain's door opened. Was he going at this hour to arouse the manager with complaint about his lost boot? "If so," thought the miserable man, with a groan, "what would be the consequences?"

"I say, my good fellow," broke in the Captain's voice, so radically changed since he last heard it, that the porter gazed at him in astonishment, "I say, I was a little hasty, just now. You haven't found it yet? Well, I'll help you," and he began to examine the various boots and shoes standing outside the different doors.

"I only wish," he went on, "that I could lay my hands on the practical joker who has caused all this trouble."

But what righteous punishment the Captain would have meted out had he caught the mischief maker will forever remain unknown, for at that moment the rays of "Boots" candle fell upon an object which, even in its flickering light, proclaimed the matchless hand of Hornby.

"There," cried the Captain, "there is my boot," and he pounced upon it with rapture, while glancing at the same time to see in what company it had been found. For some unaccountable reason he felt disappointed on observing that its *pro tem* companion was wide, flat and huge generally, and with never a sign of a button about it.

In two minutes the Captain's feet reposed once more in their accustomed retreats; "Boots" disappeared down the corridor, a half-crown in his pocket, with the candle in one hand, and in the other the buttoned boot, whose mate had yet to be found. Half an hour later the train for the north moved slowly out of London, bearing the Captain with it. He reclined in a comfortable corner of a first-class carriage. There was a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, and he seemed lost in some calculation. "It couldn't," he muttered at last, as he glanced downwards, "it couldn't have been more than a No. 2."

CHAPTER II.

"I do wish," an angry hesitancy, "that people would contrive to keep their engagements at the proper time; and not upset all one's arrangements by turning up when they are not wanted."

Catherine Lupton, who spoke, beat an angry tattoo upon the window pane through which she was looking, without in the least being aware of the beauty of the winter scene that lay stretched before her. Snow-clad fields, snow-capped hedges, fir-trees, with glittering icicles, the frost elves' Christmas trees, all sparkling gloriously in the morning sunlight. She was a handsome girl, beautifully dressed, standing amidst beautiful surroundings, the expression on her own face being positively the only beautiful thing to be seen. That was sullen and lowering. Yet this girl had much to make it otherwise. Her brother was master of Lupton Hall, and the comfortable income pertaining thereto. Moreover he was a bachelor, and left in her hands the ordering and managing of his home, and a goodly portion of his income. Their father and mother were dead, and, though an old maiden aunt lived with them, the whole household from the aunt to the scullery maid realized and acknowledged that Miss Catherine Lupton, aged 21, was the mistress *de jure et de facto*. And so, she was young, handsome, rich, and, on this morning at least, unhappy.

"It really is aggravating, most aggravating," and again she tapped impatiently on the window.

"My dear, as it cannot be helped now, suppose you say nothing more about it."

This suggestion was made by Mrs. Merchiston, Katherine's bosom friend, at present visiting the Luptons. As she spoke she resumed her tating, with an air that plainly indicated that she, at least, had done with the subject.

"Ah, I dare say, Muriel, but I never was so provoked. Why could she not come here the day she mentioned?"

"But, my dear Katherine, does it make so very much difference? She said she would be here at twelve o'clock yesterday, and comes at twelve to-day—a matter of twenty-four hours."

"Quite matter enough, indeed. I should not mind so much, but my ridiculous brother insists upon my driving over to the station to meet her, and consequently, as I said a minute ago, my plans are all upset."

"What were your plans?"

"Oh I can't explain them to you," crossly. And really she could not explain, even to her bosom friend, with that lady's bright eyes scanning her face, that her chief plan had been a long walk—arranged by herself—through the park with Captain Hill, who had arrived the previous day, and whom Katherine was inclined to regard as her own special property.

"I don't see," she began again, "why John could not put off asking her here till after Christmas. I told him that it would be inconvenient just now, and I think he should consider my wishes." Her blue eyes snapped angrily, and Mrs. Merchiston laughed softly.

"I am afraid, dear Katherine, you hardly appreciate your brother's kind-heartedness in remembering the poor relation at this time, when he has so many other people with him."

"Kind-heartedness! Really, Muriel, John should be delighted with your appreciation of him. Of course to send an invitation for Christmas to a cousin, and then to go off shooting the day she arrives, and leave some one else to meet her and look after her, may be a very kind-hearted thing to do, but I must say that I fail to see it," and Miss Lupton left the room, shutting the door with emphasis.

Somebody greeted her in the hall, a pleasant somebody evidently, for her ruffled face smoothed a little.

"Ah! is that you, Captain Hill? I was just going to look for you. Is it not provoking our walk this morning must be put off."

"Our walk, Miss Lupton? Oh—ah—yes, to be sure. Put off,—oh, that's too bad," and the Captain endeavoured to look grieved.

"Yes, a cousin of ours, who should have arrived yesterday, wires that she will be here on the 12.20 this morning, and John insists upon my driving over to meet her; but though we cannot have our walk we could have a drive, and I shall be charmed to take you with me in the carriage."

Miss Lupton's tones were coaxing, her eyes eager. Shame to say, the Captain was impervious to both. His "thanks very much" was rather half-hearted, and he thought that "perhaps there won't be room."

Katherine grew snappish again,—

"There will be plenty of room, but of course if you do not wish to go, please say so."

"I beg pardon; certainly, I shall be delighted to go," and the Captain smiled immediately. His grieved expression had cost him an effort, and he parted with it reluctantly.

So, presently the trap came round and they drove off together for the village at whose little brown station the London express stopped for a minute on its thundering journey to the north. It was rather a long drive. The air was pleasant and the Captain exerted himself to be the same, so when the station was reached they together had chased the clouds from Miss Lupton's brow, and with a smiling face she crossed the platform to meet the incoming train.

Thus it was that when Kaburn Lupton descended from the railway carriage, she was pleasantly greeted, and almost warmly welcomed. Then she was introduced to the Captain, who expressed the usual hope that she had had a pleasant journey, and offered to see after her trunks. As the Captain went off Katherine suddenly remembered her grievances.

"We expected you yesterday, Kaburn."

"I know. I am so sorry. I was detained at the hotel in London."

"Indeed. Were you ill?"

"No, oh no. I was not ill,—it wasn't that. I—I lost my boot!"

"Lost your boot?—really I do not understand."

Kaburn flushed. Poor girl, she was a governess, and a poorly salaried one at that. Moreover, she was, what poor people cannot afford to be, proud, and her pride would not let her explain to this beautiful, beautifully dressed woman, that she only possessed one pair of boots fit to travel in. What did her cousin know about governesses' salaries or any other kind of poverty.

"I could not come without it, because—because it was not convenient," she stammered, trying to look dignified, and failing signally. In truth she looked so young and girlish, so adorably pretty, with the blushes in her cheeks, that the Captain, coming up at that moment, was quite enchanted.

"I found your trunk all right, and the porter put it in the carriage," he said to Kaburn, "and we are quite ready to start. I am sure you must be ready for lunch. I know I am,—and Miss Lupton, too." That last was added as an afterthought, on noting Katherine's expression. On the way home the Captain sat on the back seat, opposite to Kaburn, and admired vastly the view.

At dinner he found himself facing her again. While taking his soup he was forming an opinion about his vis-à-vis. He finished both together, and both were good. The opinion was that her eyes were very truthful, her smile very winning. So Kaburn's neighbour seemed to think, too. He was a young "Sub" in the Captain's own regiment. Certainly he did all he knew to win the smiles, and judging from appearances—proverbially deceitful—with very fair success. This made the Captain unaccountably cross. "After dinner I'll have a chat with her," he said to himself confidently, "there is more in her face than prettiness."

But he reckoned without the "Sub," an enterprising youth, who told himself he knew a good thing when he saw it, and as he placed Kaburn under the head of "good things," he showed his judgment. So, after dinner, when some of the men went up to the drawing room, two of them were animated with a single purpose, viz., without loss of time, to secure a seat beside this delightful girl, and monopolise her for the rest of the evening—which was modest, to say the least.

As before remarked, the "Sub" was bold, and the Captain felt strangely diffident this evening. While looking around for an excuse to join Kaburn, the "Sub," who never

wanted an excuse on such occasions, calmly ensconced himself in a chair beside her, taking his welcome for granted, and finding no reason to doubt it in the smile—Kaburn's own sweet smile—that greeted him. Noticing this, the Captain became very ruffled, and told himself that "Grey," (that was the Sub) "fancied himself altogether too much." Then he blamed himself for being so slow and awkward, and called himself by severe names, and at last subsided into moody taciturnity. He planted himself very rigidly against the mantelpiece, looking so unlike his usual genial self that Mrs. Merchison, a very observing little person, rallied him on his "cross face," which did not improve his temper at all. This, too, Mrs. Murchison observed, and she quietly laughed.

But the "Sub" was not to have it all his own way. His own talents were to be his undoing. He could sing—or he had a reputation that way, and presently there was a talk of Mr. Grey's vocal powers. Then Katherine came up, and willy nilly he had to go to the piano. The Captain did not let the grass grow under his feet a second time—he appropriated the "Sub's" seat before he was fairly out of it.

"I hope you are not feeling tired after your journey this morning," was the commonplace remark he began with.

"Tired?" Kaburn laughed. "I could hardly be tired by so short a journey, you know,—just from London."

"Just from London?"

"Yes, I arrived there from Penton, two days ago."

"Penton, Penton,"—where had the Captain heard that name before? He looked so perplexed that Kaburn said, "I beg pardon," involuntarily.

"It's that name, Miss Lupton; it sounds familiar, and yet I do not think I know the place."

"I am very sure you do not—at least from choice. It is the dulllest place in the world. Nothing ever happens there."

"Nothing?"

"Not unless you call the weddings and funerals of the villagers something. It is to them, I suppose."

"I should not be surprised," said the Captain, absently. He was still pondering over that name. Kaburn was doubtful;—did he mean his last remark for a joke, and was his gravity affected, or—

"Forgive me, Miss Lupton, I have been looking forward all evening to an opportunity for a talk with you, and now that it has come, I am very stupid. You must find me doubly so after Grey?"

"Mr. Grey is amusing. He tells me he is in your regiment, Captain Hill. He seems to be very fond of you. He says you both have the same tastes."

"Oh, does he?" the Captain said grimly.

"Yes, and he says you are so kind to the men," and the Captain wondered at the glad light which beamed in the girl's eyes.

Perhaps if he had lived for two years with a purse-proud family, who regarded their governess as a sort of white slave—and treated her as such—he would have better understood this woman's appreciation of his kindness "to the men." In short, the casual remarks of Mr. Grey about "my Captain" had more effectually aroused Kaburn's interest in "my Captain" than that gallant officer himself could have awakened in a day's intercourse. But the Captain did not know this, though he did know that this pretty, "good"-looking girl was regarding him very kindly, and was content and duly grateful to accept that fact without speculating *why* he had found favour in her eyes. Perhaps—as all men are inherently conceited—he did not think it necessary to speculate. He prepared to enjoy himself if he could, and what could a man not do an' he would? At all events, when, a little after, the ladies vanished for the night, the Captain's ill-humour had vanished too, and with it something he never found again.

CHAPTER III.

There was rain without and within. Outside it was falling quietly and steadily—melting the snow and penetrating the ice-bound earth. Inside human tears were falling, but fitfully and not so softly. Little angry sobs and half-muttered ejaculations accompanied the tears. It was Kaburn who was crying—crying with all her loving little heart, which just then was starving for its proper food—sympathy. Moreover, her pride was hurt, and that was hard to bear.

"What have I done to Katherine" (thus was she thinking) "that she should be so unkind, so unjust to me? How dare she say that I was trying to attract attention? I didn't. It's cruel and false, and she knows it." Here the tears and sobs were as incoherently mingled as the thoughts. Poor angry, proud, grieved little girl—it was hard. She had ac-

cepted her Christmas invitation, oh so gladly, thinking that at this time of happy gatherings and of love and good-will, she too was wanted and sought for to share the Christmas cheer. Joyfully she anticipated the friendship and love she hoped to win from her cousins, or at least from Katherine, and lo! instead of love she met coolness, instead of sympathy,—contempt.

Why? forsooth, because a man, a guest like herself, in her cousins' house, had treated her civilly, and spoken to her kindly, she is accused of straining for attention she had no right to expect.

"Oh it is wicked of her—wicked," Kaburn burst out, "when she knows I cannot resent it by going away at once—she knows I must stay here for another week—I have nowhere else to go. I am not expected at Penton till after the holidays, and just now the house is shut up."

The tears were falling more slowly now. Outside the heavens were drying their eyes, too; watery sunbeams were glancing about everywhere—one peered into Kaburn's face seeming to say, "the best thing you can do is to come out."

"I may as well," she thought; "it will do me good, I suppose; it is dreary up here, and I cannot go down stairs with my eyes in this state. Yes, I will get ready and go."

She picked up her boots to put them on. "How dirty they look. I wonder if the maid—that good-natured Irish girl—would get them brushed for me. I'll ring and see."

"Brush your boots, is it, Miss?" said Nora, "it's right glad I'll be to get that same done for you. I'll have them back in two minits lookin' loike mirrors."

She hurried away with them, and, turning a corner sharply in the hall, came plump against Captain Hill. Nora was nearly knocked over and one of the boots flew out of her hand.

"I beg your pardon," said the Captain when he recovered himself, "I hope I did not hurt you. I did not hear you coming."

"Nor I you, sor."

"Well, we are neither of us hurt, and that is satisfactory. Here is the boot I knocked out of your hand. I hope I did not—" and then the Captain stopped. Surely, surely he had seen this boot before—noted how small it was—admired its neatness—examined its—ah—what was this printed on the purple band inside, "Rivol & Co., Penton."

"Whose boot is this?" he demanded so abruptly that Nora jumped.

"It's one I'm after taking to be claned."

"Yes, but whose is it?—whose is it?"

Nora stared. "It's Miss Kaburn Lupton's," she said with dignity.

"I knew it; I felt it—I am glad," and the Captain looked at her with such solemn joy that Nora grew sympathetic.

"Glad," she repeated, "well it's glad I am to be waitin' on her, bless her purty face, but why your honour's glad that this same is her boot I don't know, for shure it's not much of a boot annyhow."

"Not much of a boot? Not much of a boot? Look at it, girl!"

"I am lookin' and thinkin' too, sor, that it's waitin' she is for thim now; so, by your lave, I'll just take this one, and be off to brush them both."

"Must you take it, Nora? I—"

"Sor?"

"Oh certainly," hastily, "here it is, and Nora, brush them well," and the Captain hurried away in one direction and Nora went off in another, meditating on the "quare ways of thim men."

"So it *was* her boot," he thought, "I might have guessed—she spoke that first night of Penton—it suits her, too—so pretty and nert, and so—so lovable," and when a man goes the length of calling a boot "lovable," he goes a long way indeed. "I love her—I must tell her so, and then— And then the Captain went off on that journey we all take once in our lives—"into love's dreamland," nor is there, even in dreams, any other land so fair.

When Kaburn was going to her room that night the Captain stopped her at the foot of the stairs. She had avoided him all the evening, and that had been a vague trouble to him. It was too late for his purpose to-night, but to-morrow speak he would, speak he must. Still even now he could not keep back all—he could not be content with a mere "good night." No, he must let her know something of what was in his heart.

"Kaburn"—he uttered the name softly—"there is something I have to tell you."

"Oh, have you, Captain Hill? Well, I am listening." Kaburn was on her mettle, and her assumption of indifference was purely dramatic.

"But not here—not now—how can I? To-morrow I will find an opportunity to speak to you alone; if—if—you will listen to me then."

Dramatic efforts are generally short-lived, and it was with blushing face and in a tremulous voice that Kaburn said, "Yes."



"Whose boot is this?"

Next morning the Captain was out of bed and dressed fully an hour before his usual time. This circumstance did not escape "James," his man. That worthy shook his head and smiled knowingly. He knew something was in the wind to get the Captain out of bed before eight o'clock, early rising not being one of his master's failings. Nor was morning meditation another;—yet here, for half an hour, he had been sitting looking into the fire, doing nothing. But there James was mistaken. In those thirty minutes the Captain had, to his own entire satisfaction, proposed and been accepted; had married, and was now on his honeymoon, when—"Suppose she will not have you" was the thought that suddenly shoved its ugly head into his rose-hued dream. It roused the Captain from his musings very thoroughly—that thought—and roused, too, a hundred resolutions that he would do his utmost to change the lovely dreams to still more lovely realities, and that, moreover, he would be about it with no loss of time. He got some paper and a pen, and this is what he wrote:

"Will you join me in the library this morning, as soon after eleven o'clock as you can? We will have the room to ourselves then, I think, and I can speak to you without interruption. You know what I would say—if you do not come, I shall understand that you do not wish to listen to me, and I shall not trouble you again."

Fritz Hill.

"There, I think I have made my meaning clear." He folded it up and addressed it.

"Here, James," he said to the man, "take this note and deliver it at once. It is for Miss Lupton—Miss Kaburn Lupton."

Whether James did not hear all that the Captain said, or whether his mind was too full of his own speculations to pay proper attention to his instructions is unknown, but this is what he did. He took the note, said "Yes, sir, I will attend to it at once," and left the room. Then he went in search of Nora, who would be probably able to tell him how to find Miss Lupton, and, while wondering where he should look for Nora, he came face to face with Katherine. This was good luck indeed—here was Miss Lupton. He never remembered the Captain's instructions—if he had ever heard them—that the note was for Miss Kaburn Lupton. Perhaps he thought it highly probable his master should wish to send notes to the handsome lady before him. At all events the note was addressed to "Miss Lupton"—oh careless Captain—and here she was, so without more ado he handed it to her.

"From Captain Hill, Miss Lupton," and, after a pause, "is there any answer, Miss?"

"No, James," and the man saw the blood rush up to her brow, though she spoke quietly enough, "no answer just now."

The library clock struck eleven, and the hands moved on to five minutes after—ten minutes after—the Captain was growing very restless. Suppose after all she should not come?—last night she had been cold, indifferent even. What right had he to hope that she would come? Now that he was prepared to give to the girl he loved, himself and all he possessed, it seemed, in love's self-deprecating eyes, little enough. He had money, but many other men had more. He was called handsome—she might not think so. He had ever been upright and honourable, but every gentleman was that. Then, he loved her—yes, there he could bear no comparison with all the world. No man rich or poor—good or bad—could love her more truly than he. But perhaps his love would count as nothing to her—and so, knowing that this was what he meant to offer, she would not come to the library at all, leaving him thus to divine that his life could have no part in hers. The clock struck the half hour. The Captain had grown white with suspense—there is no agony like it—and already he was wondering how soon he could get away from the Luptons, when he heard a step outside the door. She was coming—she was coming—after all she did care,—she would listen. He heard the frou frou of a woman's dress—ah! she had come. The door opened, and Katherine entered! For a moment intense disappointment choked his utterance; he could only look at her.

"I have come," she began, "to—to—" then she stopped and waited.

"Oh—ah—yes—to look for—a book, I suppose? Can I help you?" and he made a ghastly effort to speak as usual. He did not look at her—he could not. Even if he had, his own emotion would have made him blind to any tell-tale feeling depicted in her face.

"Do you know where—which shelf it is on? a novel, of course? the favourite literature of your sex,—don't deny it, so name the name."

He spoke at random—anything to keep her attention from himself. Oh if she would but go. Katherine Lupton did not lack of pride, and just now it was rampant. How dare the man speak in this light way? Had he not asked her to meet him there?—given her to understand he meant to ask her to marry him?—and now that she was here at his request he wants to know if she had come for a novel? Could he have forgotten his note?—could he—oh humiliating thought—have regretted his words, and now tried, by ignoring, to undo them? How dared he treat her like this—her, Katherine Lupton, his hostess? It was a bitter moment, but her pride was equal to it. She faced the Captain bravely. In a tone more nonchalant than his own, she named a book—waited until he found and gave it to her; made some remark about the weather; laughed at a little joke she made, and left the room with a song upon her lips, which did not die away till she was out of hearing. She did not come among her guests until late in the afternoon, and not one of them ever knew of the bitter, passionate tears she shed that day. Long years after, when she was happily married—a titled lady—the memory of those few minutes in the library could still wound her pride, if not her heart.

Meanwhile the Captain hoped and waited—waited and hoped, thinking of a thousand reasons that might have kept Kaburn from him—never dreaming of the real one. Waited while the hands crept over the minutes, and the clock had long ago struck twelve, and he knew, like many other men, that he had waited in vain. He put on his hat and rushed from the house.

* * * * *

It was a cold, damp, mouldy, gloomy summer-house in which Kaburn sat down, after an aimless walk about the park; but she did not care. Possibly she persuaded herself that she liked it—it was a fitting frame for her thoughts, she told herself, half angrily, wholly sorrowfully. What a sadly disappointing thing her visit had been. Perhaps it was as well. She would go back again more readily to a life spent in correcting exercises and teaching fractions. At least she always got an answer to them—and that was some thing, and the life this side the schoolroom never answered expectations. Still it was hard, and only last night—oh what was the use of thinking of last night, and what Captain Hill had promised then. He had been beside her several times that morning and had said nothing—(poor man, he had wondered why she had said nothing)—had made no attempt to see her alone. Clearly, what he had promised last night and did to-day had nothing to do with each other. She had seen him go into the library, and shortly afterwards Katherine had followed him there. Probably they were engaged—perhaps laughing now over his flirtation with "poor Kaburn"! Hateful thought. They would see that she could laugh, too, just as gaily as they. She would be happy—or they should think she was. She would stay out here no longer—there were others who sought her—there was some one coming now. She jumped up, humming a little tune to show how happy she was, and went out to meet whoever was coming—it was the Captain. The song faltered, then stopped—so did the Captain.

"I did not follow you—" he began abruptly.

"Do not be alarmed, I never thought you did," and the song began again.

The Captain was brave as any, but this exhibition of indifference was hard to bear.

"I—I waited for you in the library for two hours, and I understand why you kept away. Please do not think that I came here to annoy you—I did not know that you were here."

Kaburn looked at him disdainfully—

"It's a pity," she said loftily, "that if you waited so long, you did not let me know you were expecting me."

Not let her know—this was too much!

"You read my note I suppose, Miss Lupton," and the Captain spoke stiffly.

"Your note, Captain Hill? I never got any note from you."

"But I sent you one this morning by James, my man; you must have got it, Miss Lupton."

"And I repeat, Captain Hill, that I did not."

"Then—then you did not know what was in it?"—the foolishness of the remark was apparent, but that was no matter.

"How could I?" she said. "How could I?"

"And you did not come to the library because you did not want to,—knowing what I wanted—but because you did not know that I wanted you?" This was incoherent, but love translates regardless of grammar.

"How could I know?—you said—I thought last night—I knew—"

The Captain came close to her.

"Did you know last night that I loved you?"

No answer.

"Do you know now that I love you?" still no answer, unless in her face, and that was hidden—no matter where.

"Because, dear heart, I do—then, now and forever."

And then—but what have we to do with "then"; that was Kaburn's—the earnest of the sweet, and the joy to follow.

"When did you first love me?" she whispered presently; shyly putting the question all women ask—and some men—the answer to which is the first page in the delightful chapter they often turn back to read.

"When did I first love you," the Captain laughed, "the day I found your little boot in company with mine."

"My boot? When—where—you don't mean that you were at that hotel that night, too?"

"Indeed I was, and I can tell you—"

And then with peace in her soul and gladness in her heart—and the Captain's arm around her waist—Kaburn heard the "story of her lost boot."

ALSTONE COURT.

Military and Naval.

Vice-Admiral Charles Trelawny Jago, R.N., who commanded the Enterprise in the Franklin Search Expedition, died recently.

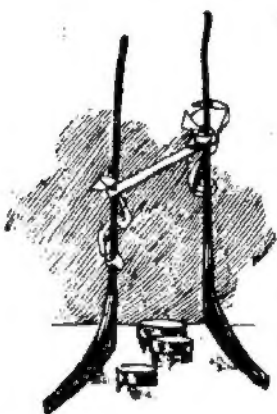
One of the last of the heroes of the Peninsula, Lieutenant Bayly, died at Bath, England, a few days ago, in his 101st year. He belonged to the Royal Artillery, but had been on the retired list for 70 years.

We are pleased to note that a valuable addition is to be made to the American squadron. H.M.S. Hercules had been designated as the new flagship; this is now changed, and one of the best of the cruisers, M.M.S. Blake, is under orders for Halifax and Bermuda. She is the largest and most heavily armed of the cruiser class; her length over all is 375 feet; breadth, 65 feet; draught of water, 25 feet, 9 inches, and her displacement is 9000 tons. She is of steel, and was built at Chatham in 1889; her indicated horsepower is 20,000, with capacity for 1500 tons of coal. The armament of the vessel is a very effective one, consisting of two 22-ton breach-loader guns, ten 6-inch 5-ton breach-loader guns, sixteen 3-pounder quick-firing guns, eight machine guns, and four torpedo-launching tubes. As an instance of the offensive capacity of these "infants," we may remark that the 22-ton guns exhaust 170 lbs. of powder at each discharge, sending a projectile of 380 lbs., which will perforate a mass of iron 19 inches thick; the 5-ton guns send a ball weighing 100 lbs., which will let daylight through an iron plate of 12 inch thickness. She was intended for special fast steaming of 22 knots, and for continuous work at 20 knots; but at her trial trip held recently her speed performance was not up to these figures, 21¼ knots being the utmost she could attain on a spurt, which indicates that in steady work the rate per hour would also fall below the 20-knot limit to a proportionate degree. In all other respects the vessel is a remarkably efficient one. Her comparatively light draught will enable her to come up to Montreal if the powers that be so order it. This city has never yet had the honour of a visit from a flagship, at any rate not for very many years. Her crew, officers and men, will number 580, including the Admiral and his staff.

The Thirteen Club Dinner.

In London—as in New York, Glasgow and several other towns—there is a club whose *raison d'être* is to protest against such time-honoured superstitions as the ill-luck of thirteen persons sitting down to table together. On Friday the London Thirteen Club gave its second annual dinner. Five groups of thirteen were bold enough to tempt fate, and as a reward had a very pleasant evening, under the presidency of Mr. Sheriff Foster. All sorts of trying ordeals had been devised and were heroically undergone by the guests. They sat down to dinner after passing under a ladder, with knives crossed, with peacock feathers in their buttonholes, with salt spilt all around them, to a *menu* calculated to exasperate, by its illustrations and wording, all the known dispensers of misfortune. The dinner and speeches were, of course, entirely inconvenient! but no fatality occurred.—*St. James's Gazette.*

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



HOCKEY in Montreal practically opened on Wednesday night last, when the annual meeting of the Canadian Hockey Association was held in the M.A.A.A. rooms. It was the largest meeting of the association held for some time past, and it had not been in session many minutes when it was easy to discover the fact that there was going to be trouble over the manner of deciding the championship. Clubs like the Victorias and Montrealers, who do most of the playing, and who are certainly the best exponents of the game on the continent, looked for a reversal of the present method of challenging, while the Ottawa and Quebec aggregations insisted on the challenge system, which for weak clubs is useful, but which is a hardship on the stronger ones. It is all very nice in its way for Ottawa or Quebec to challenge when they get good and well ready, and the holders of the championship at the time are obliged to meet them; but a championship won in this way does not give any particular idea of the playing strength of either party. It involves the task of one or two clubs being in perfect condition all through the hockey season and ready to meet all-comers; a club may hold a championship during half-a-dozen matches,—beat all-comers, and still lose the last match to a weak team the last day of the season, when there is no possibility of recovery. Then again, supposing one club is considerably stronger than the other in the season, it will win most of the matches, if not all of them. It will be obliged to play matches with everybody who chooses to challenge, but at the same time it practically debars the weaker clubs from playing with each other, except in exhibition matches, which count for very little anyhow from a playing point of view. Under a series system every club would be obliged to meet every other club, and the greater number of games won would constitute a championship. The challenge method has not worked particularly well in the past, either in hockey or football, and the Quebec Rugby Union has decided to adopt some other method for the future, but the hockey men seem to be just a year or two younger than the rest of the country. Nobody will ever assert that Quebec and Ottawa are remarkably progressive outside of politics and the devious windings thereof, and still these clubs, helped out with a little judicious wire-pulling on the part of the Crescents, rule the roost, and, through badly judged legislation, do more injury to a healthy winter sport than they are perhaps aware of.

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When the series was working three years ago we had good hockey all through the season, and every club in the association had to play at a stated time. If I remember rightly, it was at the request of McGill, Quebec and Ottawa clubs that the series was changed to a challenge. How has it worked? McGill was not represented at the association, and is out. It withdrew its subscription when it found it could not play on the day the Collegians required, for the very simple reason that there was a little forgetfulness in the matter of paying fees. In the case of the clubs out of the city,—will somebody point out where Ottawa, and more particularly Quebec, have benefited the game under the challenge system. The *raison d'être* for a hockey club with no rink to play on may seem a little unintelligible to most people, but it goes in the outlying township when a matter of voting comes to be con-

sidered. There was one redeeming feature in the annual meeting, and that was the increased number of clubs who expressed their intention of going in for the senior championship. The Britannia Football Club will be welcome among the ranks of the hockey men, for no doubt they will work as hard on the ice as they have done on the field, and both Victoria and Montreal may have a close run for their laurels. Sherbrooke may be heard from, but it is not likely they will be dangerous; neither will Quebec or Ottawa. The Shamrocks and Crescents can hardly pull teams together fit to cope with Montreal or Victoria, and the Brits are as yet an unknown quantity. So that it looks like the old fight over again—Victoria vs. Montreal.

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How it is that nothing is heard from Toronto is more than surprising. There was quite a little hockey boom in the Queen City last year, and this would be the only city which could justifiably claim a challenge system, when the distance to travel was considered. They played pretty good hockey in Toronto last season, too, but not the sort of a game to be compared with our good teams in Montreal. A year ago I suggested that two of Montreal's best sevens should go to Toronto and give the Western folks an idea of how to play the real game. The idea, I think, would work still, and would do a lot of good, because then there would be a revival of the old time rivalry which has marked the progress of sports in which both cities were concerned, and there would be an opportunity given to study the game as played here, which, after a little practice, would enable the Torontonians to come here and not be beaten so badly as to be discouraging. Why not arrange a match for the championship of Canada, between the champions of Ontario and the champions of Quebec, after the manner of the football players? It seems to me it would need but a very small amount of negotiation, and if the newly elected council of the Hockey association would just consider the matter and make the first proposal, there would be scarcely any difficulty in coming to some satisfactory arrangement.

* * *

The council of the Hockey Association did a little work after the general meeting, and it was decided that arrangements be made to provide a cup emblematic of the championship, and also to award seven medals to the team winning most championship matches. This latter was distinctively a move in the right direction, and went some way towards ameliorating the hardships imposed on first-class clubs by the adoption of the challenge rule. The question of barring a man who has ever played on a championship team was also decided, and a new rule made which will leave a great deal in the hands of the council. If the rule is not abused it will be a good thing for hockey generally, but it looks now as if it did not need an O'Connell to drive a coach-and-four through it. The officers elected for the coming season are:—President, J. A. Stewart; first vice-president, J. Jenkins; second vice-president, Geo. Carpenter; secretary-treasurer, J. Findlay; council, A. Laurie, Quebec; B. B. Stevenson, Britannia; J. Crathern, Victoria; R. Kelly Crescent, and H. Ash.

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The meeting of the Ontario Hockey Association early in the week should be productive of good results, and, although the old association has no control, the Ontario boys seem actuated with the right spirit. It was as hard to introduce hockey into Ontario as it was lacrosse, but things are moving in the proper direction now. With such men as the following a great deal may be hoped for. C. R. Hamilton, secretary; W. A. Kerr, J. F. Smellie, J. S. Garvin, E. C. Senkler, W. F. W. Creelman, Osgoode Hall; H. D. Warren, J. E. B. Littlejohn, Granite; Victor Armstrong, Stuart Morrison, Victoria; Lieut. Laurie, Lieut. S. Y. Baldwin, New

Fort; Messrs. C. T. Pemberton representing the Bankers' league; A. Bailantyne, Stratford; W. Wyndeyer, W. H. Lamont, Granite colts. Clubs applying for membership in the league were also present. The secretary's report showed a balance of nearly \$50 on the right side, and the following extract from the same document seems encouraging: "The outlook is most promising. I have had applications from new clubs wishing to become members, which will in due course be laid before you. The game has taken a firm hold in Ontario, and I look to see as much interest and excitement, if not more, over our championship series this winter than there has been over that of the Ontario Rugby Union this autumn." The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Mr. A. M. Cosby, Victoria club; vice-presidents, Messrs. John Barron, Lindsay; H. D. Warren, Granite club, Toronto; secretary, Mr. J. H. Laurie, New Fort club, Toronto; treasurer, Mr. C. R. Hamilton, Victoria club, Toronto; executive committee, Messrs. V. Armstrong (Victoria), Garvin (Granite), P. D. Ross (Ottawa), W. Sweny (Royal Military College), W. A. Kerr (Osgoode Hall), J. F. Smellie (Osgoode Hall). The constitution and by-laws are to be revised, and the following gentlemen have the work on their hands: Messrs. Laurie, Kerr, Garvin, Armstrong and Smellie. The new additions to the Ontario Association consist of the Granite Colts, Galt, Toronto Bank Hockey League, Queen's Own, Stratford and Toronto Insurance and Loan clubs, the only resignation being that of the Lindsay club.

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The athletic club that ranks next to the M.A.A.A. may safely be said to be the Wanderers, of Halifax, and for the general growth of athletics the progress of the W.A.A.A. is watched with interest. The membership is not particularly large, but the members are hustlers, and at least two-thirds of them take an active interest in athletic sports, leaving only one-third to act as passive members. The annual meeting of the club was held last week, and the showing made was a particularly good one. The only sport that has at all lapsed is baseball, but when it is considered that there has been a marked improvement in other sports there is nothing to be sorry for. The prospects for the cricket men are particularly good, and visits are expected to be paid to Boston, and an exchange made with Ottawa, while the cracks of Philadelphia will likely be seen in the Garrison city. Bowling, quoits, lawn tennis, lacrosse, football and athletics generally have had an irreproachable season,—the only draw-back being that mixed-up match with the Dalhousies, about which there has been so much dispute. As this question has been decided by the Maritime Football Union there is little to be said, although the decision seems hard on the Wanderers, who, in all fairness, ought to have been allowed to play over on neutral ground. It is a new wrinkle, however, and football captains will count their teams in future.

R.O.X.

Champagne and Oysters.

A Wiltshireman was one day called home from his work on account of his wife being taken very ill, and requiring him to send for a doctor.

The doctor arrived, and after examining the woman he turned to her husband and said:

"My good man, your wife is in a very critical condition, and the only thing you must give her to eat must be champagne and oysters."

Two days after the doctor called to see his patient, and was much surprised to hear that she was dead. Feeling curious as to the cause of her death, he turned to the man, saying:

"Did you carry out my orders as to what you gave her to eat?"

"No, sir," returned the man; "I couldn't afford to give her champagne and oysters, but I gave her what I thought would do as well; I gave her plenty of ginger-beer and whelks."